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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1901.

The Week.

The Senate has had its fling, and, its play spell now being over, has determined to attend strictly to business during the brief remainder of the session. Thus we see again how the old Senatorial hands, with their knowledge of the rules and customs, and with their confidence of getting the whip-hand in the end, have, when it becomes necessary to pass the bills to keep the Government alive, got control of the situation finally, as they always do. "Yes, little Mark," Senator Allison has been practically saying all these weeks past, "play with your Subsidy Bill and amuse yourself." But when bedtime comes—that is, when the Senate really has to get down to business—the dear boy has to take away his toys and go to the nursery, leaving the grown-ups a clear field. It is the old story over again of real Government business coming in at the critical moment, which its managers had long foreseen, to put an end to the schemes of private raiders of the Treasury.

Just as the need of an extra session of Congress grows less apparent, with the promise of either an amicable settlement of the Cuban question or its dragging along into midsummer or autumn, there is a suspicious warming to the idea on the part of Republicans who still favor the Shipping-Subsidy Bill. They begin to have grave doubts about the President's ability to cut his way through the Philippine jungle and the Cuban chapparal without the aid of Congress. They had not desired an extra session, but if the good of the country demands it, why, they must submit. This resigned frame of mind falls in too pat with the failure of the Subsidy Bill to appear entirely like the patience of martyrs. An extra session called to consider Cuban and Philippine problems might easily get tired of dealing with those large questions, and turn for relief to the more agreeable task of voting money out of the Treasury to pay Hanna's campaign debts. That this is distinctly contemplated, our private information from Washington leads us to believe. But we do not believe the plot will succeed. It would be too barefaced a way of putting through a barefaced swindle. Nothing would more certainly unite and revivify the Democratic party, just as it would rend the Republican party in twain. The President knows this—no man better—and it is not likely, therefore, that he will lend any effective aid to this last desperate shift of the baffled subsidy schemers.

Gen. Wood's cool pocketing of the Committee of the Cuban Constitutional Convention, and his carrying it off to Batabano for a two days' "rest" with him, are not without significance. During this secret session the General will use every means at his disposal to bring the Committee to see that it is its duty to grant just as many "assurances as to the stability of the Cuban republic" as Mr. McKinley desires. And the General, with his well-known diplomacy, backed by all the offices at his disposal and his unlimited control of the Cuban Treasury, is a negotiator not to be sneered at. It is altogether likely that he will come out on top in the discussion, and that the Committee will grant everything he wishes. But the Cubans should realize that admitting the camel's head into the tent means the inevitable entrance of his body; that the right of intervention in the foreign relations and fiscal affairs of the island is but a move towards the unworkable and unhappy relationship of Egypt to Turkey and the Transvaal to England. It would be without doubt a long step towards annexation and Statehood.

The Republicans had a glorious time in the House of Representatives on Thursday over the matter of Government deposits in national banks. It should be observed, in order to understand the controversy, that the Treasury Department is not only authorized by law, but also compelled by financial considerations, to keep a large part of its funds on deposit with the banks. The banks deposit ample collateral security, and the public money is thus even safer in their charge than it would be in the national Treasury. The banks are, for this purpose, practically branches of the Treasury Department, and there is no impropriety whatever in their applying for Government deposits, provided they do so on financial grounds. The Democrats, however, have attempted to show that deposits were solicited and granted for political reasons, and the Republicans resorted to the *tu-quoque* argument with overwhelming effect. Letters were read which had been written by Democratic leaders under a Democratic Administration, asking that certain banks be made Government depositories because of the political associations of their managers. One of these letters recommended a certain bank as "exclusively Democratic in its management," and another referred to a banker as "a liberal contributor." The effect of these letters was, of course, to make the critical attitude of the Democrats appear highly ridiculous.

The tactical success of the Republicans, however, was won by dubious means. The letters which they produced were obtained from the files of the Treasury Department without the authority of Congress. The Executive Department has frequently declined to produce documents at the request of House or Senate, both under Democratic and under Republican Administrations; but in this case the Administration voluntarily furnished these documents for the use of its partisans. Mr. Hopkins, who read the letters, said that he obtained them from "officials at the Secretary's office," but refused to tell who these officials were. He declared that he produced them for the laudable purpose of showing up the hypocrisy and cant on the Democratic side of the House. No one supposes that a Democratic Representative could obtain letters from the Department files for the purpose of showing up Republican hypocrisy and cant. The Administration has thus taken a position which makes fair fighting between the parties in Congress impossible. To gain a trifling success, it has sacrificed an important principle. The precedent is a bad one, and when the Democrats come into power they may use it to expose Republican hypocrisy and cant with overwhelming effect.

Again our January foreign trade reports announce that all previous records of export balances for the month have been surpassed. In view of the large part played by our foreign credits in the financial situation, the significance of the fact is obvious. The rise of our annual outward trade balance in 1897 and 1898 to figures then unprecedented was due to two main causes—an almost unprecedented decrease in our merchandise imports, and enormous sales of grain, at high prices, to famine-stricken Europe. By 1899, however, the excess of exports over imports was smaller by \$144,000,000 than that of 1898. But no sooner had agricultural exports fallen off than an extraordinary increase of manufactured exports set in. This movement, in turn, slackened towards last year's close, but in the total export figures the reaction was hardly noticeable, for a European "cotton famine" led to a demand for American cotton of such volume and at such prices that the total shipments of this product alone in 1900 ran \$123,000,000 beyond 1899.

The second stage of this remarkable cotton movement has now been reached. In amount the shipments are rapidly falling off, though prices still rule high. But, as if to emphasize our unique in-

ternational position, shipments of grain and provisions to Europe are again growing extremely heavy. For January our breadstuffs exports increased \$6,500,000 over a year ago, and provisions \$5,000,000. With the increase of nearly \$9,000,000 in cotton exports, the month's entire outward trade runs \$18,600,000 over January, 1900. Reckoning in the decrease of imports, we have an excess of exports for the month larger by \$25,000,000 than in 1899, and much the largest ever reached in the period. So long as such conditions prevail, it will be difficult to shake American financial strength. It is as true now as it was ten years ago that there are scores of offsets to our merchandise balance, and that the monthly excess of exports is far from measuring exactly the increase of Europe's debt to America. But the point of importance is, that the merchandise balance is increasing while the offsets remain stationary.

It is slow work, raising that \$10,000,000 a year of revenue out of cabin passengers from Europe, which Mr. Dingley promised when his tariff bill was passed. In the year 1899 the number of such passengers arriving in New York was about 107,000, and the amount extracted from them was \$276,000, or about \$2.60 apiece. In 1900 the number rose to nearly 138,000, but they paid duties amounting to less than \$251,000, or about \$1.80 each. Their dutiable effects decreased in value from \$697,525 in 1899 to \$637,192 in 1900. What is even more remarkable, this tendency was very marked during the early part of 1900, but was suddenly reversed during the closing months of the year. In February, for example, although several hundred more passengers arrived than in 1899, the duties diminished 48 per cent., and in May, when the excess of passengers was two thousand, the revenue fell off more than \$11,000. But in November the receipts doubled, and in December they were 56 per cent. more than in 1899. This fact does not harmonize with the cheerful theory that passengers have given up their iniquitous practice of buying things abroad which the protectionists mean to have them buy at home. Why should there be such grievous backslding in November and December, were that the case? It does harmonize with the theory that the inspectors can be induced to pass baggage when they do not think they are watched. As the present law, in its horror of bribery, inflicts the same punishment on those who give and those who take bribes, we are not likely to have the situation explained; but the officers of the Treasury blandly assure the public that, whatever the results, it is their constant endeavor to bring the service up to the highest state of efficiency.

The Honolulu *Republican* does not find everything beautiful in the workings of imperial government. Hawaii, of course, enjoyed the advantages of the United States census, and so far as an increase of 45,000 in population since 1896 was concerned, nothing but gratification was expressed. It was observed, however, that the census bulletin omitted to give any information about the nativity of the inhabitants, a matter about which curiosity is naturally very active in those islands. It was so intense, in fact, as to lead the *Republican* to make inquiry of the Census Bureau at Washington, only to find that it had no figures ready for publication. Not to be baffled, the *Republican* made its own investigations, and found reason to believe that the figures had been intentionally suppressed. It seems that during the so-called interregnum, from August 12, 1898, to June 14, 1900, no less than 40,000 "contract laborers" were imported from Japan. In 1896 there were 19,382 Chinese and 22,329 Japanese in Hawaii. There are now about 27,000 of the former and 62,000 of the latter, or 89,000 out of a total population of 154,000. Certainly in "anticipatory importations" the Hawaiian planters have outdone our wool-manufacturers. In this case it would have been highly inconvenient to have the Constitution follow the flag, except at a very respectful distance.

The Pittsburgh "ripper" bill passed the State Senate of Pennsylvania on Wednesday week. It is called a ripper because it rips the city government of Pittsburgh into shoestrings. It abolishes the office of Mayor, and removes the Mayors of both Pittsburgh and Allegheny City. It creates the office of City Recorder, who shall be the chief executive officer, and shall be appointed by the Governor of the State to hold office until April, 1903. It removes from office the police magistrates appointed by the present Mayor, and authorizes the Recorder to appoint others in their stead. The Recorder is authorized also to remove from office the directors of the Department of Public Works, of Safety, and of Charities; also the assessors and collectors of taxes, and the Sinking Fund Commissioners, and to appoint their successors. All this is done, says the Pittsburgh *Times*, to punish the city for its want of subserviency to Matthew Stanley Quay. This seems a very strange exemplification of a republican form of government. It prompts the inquiry whether this kind of civil liberty would probably be acceptable to the Cubans and the Filipinos if they were allowed to choose for themselves. The Pittsburgh *Times* has no doubt that the House will pass the bill, but it hopes that Gov. Stone will veto it.

The country has watched with interest, and we fear with levity, the progress of the women's crusade against the drinking places in Kansas. Certainly the humorous features of the episode are striking, and we are too easy-going a people to take most things seriously if it is possible to dismiss them with a jest. Moreover, under the law of Kansas, there is no doubt that places where strong drink is sold are nuisances. They are public, and may be private nuisances. The common law provides several remedies for nuisances, and they may in some cases be abated by private persons, just as in certain cases private persons may make arrests. But it is also a principle of the common law that the general right to abate a public nuisance does not go so far as to permit acts that cause a breach of the peace. And in abating private nuisances care must be taken to do no more damage than is necessary for their removal. Conceding the right of the public to abate the drinking places as nuisances, it is evident that the Kansas mobs have exceeded this right. They have not only proceeded so as to cause a breach of the peace, but they have also broken the peace themselves and committed unnecessary damage. They have, because the law was violated, themselves violated the law. They justify their action, so far as they care to justify it, by declaring that the authorities charged with enforcing the law have failed to enforce it. This is exactly the ground on which the mobs in the Southern and other States justify their proceedings when they put to death persons suspected of crime. But it is obvious that the recognition of this principle would be fatal to the preservation of order. It leads us straight back to the régime of private vengeance, the suppression of which has been one of the greatest triumphs of civilization. The situation in Kansas is the result of enacting laws which the machinery of justice is not competent to enforce.

Justice Brewer did a public service in calling attention at Yale on Monday to the growing frequency of lynchings, which, he said, have almost "become a habit of the American people." While willing to find some reason for the origin of the practice in the frequent delays of the law and reversals of judgment, he pointed out that we must rise to a higher plane of civilization, or peace and order and the country's good name will suffer. As a matter of fact, our reputation has already suffered the world over, and will continue to do so as long as such shocking affairs as the burning of a negro in Justice Brewer's own State of Kansas go unpunished. If the slow machinery of the law is responsible for the origin of the lynching fever, its failure to convict those who rob it of its sole prerogative of administering justice only adds fuel to the

fire, and leads to the development of the lawless spirit along saloon-smashing lines. Justice Brewer is confident that "when public sentiment is aroused so as to feel that the safety of the community demands the prosecution" of the offenders, court procedure will be altered, and lynch law will gradually disappear. But one of the functions of our courts is to help to arouse and maintain public sentiment against crime, and a few successful prosecutions of lynchers as murderers, even if slow, not only will tend to break up the practice, but will invariably create the proper public sentiment against it, for which we may otherwise wait indefinitely. Familiarity with illegal practices tends, the world over, to deaden moral objections to them, and not to create them.

The Mayor's message vetoing the Police Bill is a document worthy of the chief magistrate of a great city. It is so devoid of the characteristics which have made the personality of Robert A. Van Wyck offensive and contemptible, that the public will inevitably suspect somebody else to be the author. Whoever may have composed it, it merits hearty praise as an unanswerable indictment of the partisan measure which the Republicans are forcing through at Albany—for, of course, not the slightest attention will be paid to the protest by the Legislature or the Governor. That the bill is a barefaced attempt to evade the Constitution of the State is made perfectly clear. The pending bill provides that the single Police Commissioner shall be appointed by the Mayor for a term of five years, but that he may be arbitrarily removed by the Governor at any moment. Practically, therefore, this officer will hold his place at the pleasure of the Governor. But it would not do to say so in the bill, because the Constitution expressly provides that when the duration of any office is not provided by the Constitution, it may be declared by law, and, if not so declared, the office shall be held during the pleasure of the authority making the appointment. The principle underlying all the Constitutional provisions on the subject is, that local officials shall either be elected by the people of such localities or appointed by local authorities designated for the purpose by the Legislature. Section 2 of article x. makes express provision to this end, the plain object being to secure to localities freedom from such interference with the power of appointment as is proposed in the Police Bill. While this measure nominally gives the power of appointment to the Mayor, it renders such power of no effect by empowering the Governor to remove the Mayor's appointee whenever he chooses. The spirit of the fundamental law is clearly violated, if not, indeed, its letter. The Court of Appeals has rendered more than one decision

which indicates that it must hold the Police Bill unconstitutional. In the latest decision of this sort, rendered within a year, the court held that "the Legislature is expressly authorized to designate the local authority who shall appoint local officers, and it is impliedly prohibited from doing more than that, or from placing limitations on that power of appointment. Every positive direction contains an implication against anything contrary to it, or which would frustrate or disappoint the purpose of that provision."

There is something that appeals to the imagination in a concert of American Powers against that scourge of the Americas—the yellow fever. At the third session of the Pan-American Medical Congress, recently held at Havana, Dr. Wilde, a well-known specialist of Buenos Ayres, introduced a resolution for the formation of an international committee which should formulate a plan of common action for the control of yellow fever, and its suppression as an epidemic. Dr. Wilde showed by the experience of his own country that such common action was practicable and the end attainable. After the epidemic of 1871, the Argentine Republic, Eastern Uruguay, and Brazil entered into a sanitary convention, and the result of their combined sanitary and prophylactic measures has been that none but isolated cases have since appeared on the coast covered by the alliance. With a few years' vigilance and with common action, Dr. Wilde believes that yellow fever, as an epidemic, may be as absolutely controlled as smallpox is and malaria is likely to be. The experience of the English in making the former pest-hole Kingston a healthy city, and our own good beginnings in Havana, show what elementary sanitation will do to improve existing conditions.

Count von Waldersee's threat of renewed military operations in China on a large scale may come from the diplomat in him rather than the soldier. A great deal of diplomatic fencing is going on in Pekin, and this may be only Waldersee's ripost to a thrust by the Chinese plenipotentiaries. Certainly, if seriously intended, the project cannot be too severely condemned. We know now what horrors attend the march of foreign troops in China; how the natives are driven to fury or despair; how the mounting cost of these expeditions, to be charged upon the Chinese Treasury, makes the ruin and partition of the empire the more inevitable; and how all the professions with which the Christian nations went to China would be given the lie by such a military incursion into the interior. The United States, it is clear, can take no part in a piratical raid of this nature. We

have not the troops there to serve Waldersee's ends, and the Administration has given notice that it disapproves, on principle, of this or any similar expedition.

It is a nice point in Parliamentary practice and privilege on which the English Government saw their majority nearly wiped out on Monday. Ministers have always been entitled to have notice of questions which they are to be asked in the House of Commons, yet they have never before refused to answer additional questions arising on the spot out of their own answers. But now Mr. Balfour declares that the Government, after "careful consideration," have determined to make a departure by a new rule that no Minister or Under-Secretary shall be, as it were, cross-examined. He will answer the questions on the paper, but if any member is dissatisfied with the reply, or wants to know something more about the subject, it will be necessary to give notice of new inquiries. This innovation was plainly resented by the Commons, and so unmistakable a warning was given to the Ministry that it is already hinted that they will abandon their purpose. In England, at any rate, it is still considered "but just, the many-headed beast should know." It is only an American President who can lock up information, refuse all requests for light, and then, after having steadily denied to Congress the data for forming an opinion, can throw himself incontinently upon Congressional wisdom for rescue from his predicament.

Last year's Italian census shows gratifying increases in population and birth-rate. Whereas the estimated population was 31,000,000, 35,000,000 turns out to be the actual figure, and this in spite of a loss by emigration during the past twenty years of 5,000,000. The ratio of increase is high, approaching four-fifths of 1 per cent. a year. The increase since the last census, that of 1881, is nearly 7,000,000, or 25 per cent. This increase is due to improvement in public sanitation and the consequent lessening of infant mortality. It may not be generally known that the Italian medical schools are among the best in the world, and that the Italians have developed a singular capacity for hospital organization and management. The Government has also undertaken or sanctioned great movements for sanitary reform. By introducing a good water supply, closing the old wells, and flushing the streets, Naples was raised in twenty years from the position of one of the world's unhealthiest cities to that of one of the healthiest. The case is typical, and when the present unfortunate confusion of politics and finance is cast up against the Italian kingdom, this positive betterment of vital conditions should be remembered to its credit.

THE RUSSIAN TARIFF IMBROGLIO.

The news that Russia has put a prohibitory duty on the importation of American iron and steel products and machinery comes as a stunning surprise in the midst of other remarkable events connected with that industry. The reason for this action is that the Treasury Department at Washington believes that Russia grants an export bounty on beet sugar, and therefore imposes a countervailing duty on imports of that article from Russia, equal to such bounty, as required by the Dingley act. The fact appears to be that Russia levies a tax on beet sugar consumed at home, but remits the tax on sugar exported to foreign countries. She contends that this is not an export bounty, and so far she is right. We allow distilled spirits to be exported without paying the internal-revenue tax. We allow drawbacks of duties on many other articles of export, including refined sugar, but nobody has ever considered these drawbacks as bounties. They are intended merely to give our producers an equal chance in foreign markets, and so long as they do no more, the word bounty is not applicable to them. If Russia has merely refrained from imposing her internal-revenue tax on sugar exported, our Government has committed a stupendous error in putting an extra duty on her sugar.

M. de Witte has replied by dealing us the heaviest blow possible. The suddenness and severity of it show that he believes he has justice on his side. Russia is prospectively the largest foreign market for our iron and steel products. We supply her with steel rails and locomotives, dynamos, and an endless variety of machinery. We are building cruisers for her navy. Her empire is the largest undeveloped region in the world occupied by civilized men. Hence, her future market is the largest one in sight. Moreover, it is a market on both oceans, and the one on the Pacific is destined to be the greater of the two. Very likely Manchuria will be added to it soon. Until a week or ten days ago our relations with Russia were extremely pleasant. We had co-operated with her in China. She had been our distinctive ally there. We had come to an understanding with her as to the policy of the "open door." We had joined her heartily in the Hague conference. The expressions of friendship on both sides were cordial and genuine, and on the side of Russia almost effusive. Now our traditional friend deals us the hardest blow we have received in the way of trade reprisals since the war of 1812.

As the correspondence has not yet been published, we must speak under reserve, yet there are some facts floating on the surface of the dispatches from St. Petersburg and Washington which call for comment. It is said, for

example, that M. de Witte has been too hasty; that if he had waited till our General Appraisers and perhaps our Circuit Court and Supreme Court could pass upon the case, our Treasury ruling would, in all probability, have been set aside and the trouble avoided. It is true that no case has yet come before the tribunals. None could arise until after the Treasury ruling had been made, and a consignment of sugar had been entered at one of our ports and refused admittance at the ordinary rate of duty. A year or two might then elapse before a final decision would be reached. The idea that a foreign Government should draw distinctions between different departments of our Government, and wait to see whether the Executive is overruled by the judiciary, is rather whimsical. It becomes more so when we reflect that it is not the sale of a little more or a little less sugar that concerns Russia, but what she regards as an affront. We have refused to accept her averment that she is not paying a bounty on her exports. We have decided either that she is not telling the truth, or that she does not know the true meaning of the word bounty, and we have acted on that presumption by putting an extra tax on her sugar. She replies by a tax in kind on our iron and steel. The blow we get is by so much worse than the one we struck, and perhaps it will be a good lesson for us. Perhaps it is best we should learn that two can play at that game.

A tariff war between two countries is foolishness at best. Between two friendly nations it is an abomination. Between the United States and Russia it would have been unimaginable ten days ago. Its consequences are likely to be disastrous all around. It has given a fresh impetus to the project of a European Customs League against the United States. Such a league, if formed, would probably be as short-lived as Napoleon Bonaparte's Continental system against England, but it would inflict great losses on us while it lasted, and might lead to something worse than commercial warfare. Enmities begotten by trade easily grow into national hatred, and are sure to do so if sharpened by a sense of injustice. We trust that Congress will not adjourn without taking some steps toward a readjustment of our good relations with Russia, since it appears that Secretary Gage has no intention of rescinding or modifying his own order. A telegram to the Philadelphia *North American* reports him as saying:

"I shall make no new move until there has been a judicial decision on my order. That can be had from the Board of Appraisers two weeks after the first cargo of Russian sugar is landed in this country, if the importers will take an appeal. The Treasury Department wants no delay. It is anxious for a speedy decision. In placing the additional duty on beet-sugar I was acting not as a judicial officer. The law specifically makes it the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to place a countervailing duty

or tariff on imports whenever it is found that the export of those imports is being encouraged by bounty, either direct or indirect."

He added, according to the same report, that in his belief the Russians could not get along without some of the American articles against which M. de Witte's decree is levelled, and that they would have to buy them at higher prices. This thought will not improve the temper of the Russian Minister when he hears of it.

CAPITALIZING EXTRAVAGANCE.

Most of the Congressional alarm and lamenting over swollen public expenditures is beside the mark. Senators with hands all a-drip with extravagance of their own, reproach others for wanting to do what they themselves have already done. That is neither edifying nor convincing. Nor does it advance the cause of economy, which, like charity, begins at home. As little are we profited by charges and proof that the minority party is just as extravagant, just as eager to fasten its own little local jobs upon the Treasury, as the party in control of the Government. The pot may be perfectly justified in calling the kettle black; but it is the pot which is responsible, and which will be smashed if an overtaxed people ever takes to looking about for an object of vengeance. Republicans may taunt and expose Democrats to their hearts' content; but if there is inexcusable extravagance, and if anybody is to be held to stern account for it, the Republican party will be the sole sufferer, as it is really the sole offender. Under party government no other result is possible or desirable.

One reason why the party responsible for the Government is less able, if not less willing, than it used to be to keep down appropriations, has often been pointed out in these columns. Our system does not lend itself to rigid financial control. Unlike all other governments in the world, the American has no man, or committee of men, to make up a yearly budget, to determine income and fix outgoes. Our method is a happy-go-lucky plan of allowing one set of men to make laws for revenue, another to frame bills for expenditures. That we have not gone to smash under such chaotic management is due partly to our traditional good fortune, partly to our expanding wealth—which has operated in the same way that robust health enables a man to order his life recklessly, for a time—and partly to the fact that we have had a rough system of financial control. But this has been badly broken down.

At the close of the civil war the Committee on Ways and Means had charge of all the appropriation bills as well as the revenue bills. That was something like a budget-framing body. Then came the creation of the Committee on Appropriations, to take sole charge of

outgo as the Ways and Means Committee did of income. What this meant in the days when Samuel J. Randall was Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, everybody whose memory goes back to 1874-76 will recall. But, under malign influences, the House has been induced, from time to time, to scatter the annual appropriation bills among thirteen or fourteen different committees, each intent on log-rolling its own measure up to the top notch, and with no firm and centralized control existing longer anywhere. Responsibility has thus been dissipated, and so have the funds. Chairman Cannon may still protest that it is his main business not to make appropriations, but to prevent their being made, and Senator Allison may warn and protest; but effective control has largely escaped from them, and their complaints are unheeded. Some day Congress will see this hugger-mugger system driving us straight to national bankruptcy, and will be compelled to set up a responsible government in financial matters—something that we are now alone among the nations in not having.

One serious aspect of national extravagance is commonly overlooked. People do not see how one spendthrift Congress makes the next one almost inevitably as prodigal. The reason is that the extravagant legislation fixes a permanent charge on the Treasury. No step backward, is the rule. There was loud outcry against a "billion-dollar Congress"; but its successor was able to save little or nothing. Now we are rapidly approaching a billion-dollar session, and no dam for the rising flood is in sight. Each succeeding Congress inherits a legacy of extravagance from its predecessor. Its own hands are partly tied by anterior legislation committing the Government to continuing appropriations for this and that scheme, this and that enlargement of the public service and creation of new offices. It is this which makes retrenchment so difficult, if not practically impossible. To abolish places, to consolidate offices, to cut down regular expenses—why, this is almost treason, from the party point of view. It is flat villainy in the minds of men whose sinecures are threatened. So that extravagance always tends to perpetuate itself. The lavish appropriations of one Congress become a kind of annual interest charge which must be paid upon a capitalized extravagance.

A common fallacy in all this business is the urging of an analogy from private life. Congress will economize, it is said, when it has to, just as a man will when his income is cut in two. We are now in the presence of an overflowing Treasury; there will be a surplus after all the bills are paid; the country is prosperous; no one complains of taxes—so what are you afraid of? When the lean years come, the appropriations will be lean. A

man gives up his carriage and his box at the opera in hard times, and Congress will do the same. Ah, but Congress's coachman will simply refuse to be discharged. The federated coachmen all over the country—i. e., the officeholders—will prove stronger than Congress. They will tell it that it has brought them into the world, and now it must fill their mouths. What, will Congress be worse than an infidel, and not provide for its own? It is not merely in war expenses that Congress has been lavish. Every appropriation bill has been increased, new offices created, new entering wedges driven, a permanent charge on the Treasury laid in many a swollen item. The point is that flush times are setting a pace which will have to be kept up in the lean times. If economy is disregarded now, it will be declared impossible then. It is easy enough to let the jinn of extravagance out of the bottle, but to get him back in again—that is the labor. Thus we see that the evil which an extravagant Congress does lives after it; and the good, if good there be, is interred with its bones.

CHAIRMAN BABCOCK'S BILL.

Chairman Babcock's bill to put iron and steel on the free list of the tariff has had little effect on the market quotations of shares in the combination, or intended combination, of the large producers of those articles. Of course, the possible effects of changes in the tariff was one of the elements which the promoters of the combination must have had in their minds. They must have foreseen that the work they were doing would have a considerable effect upon the public temper, that it would create popular resentment, and that it might prove too strong a dose for even the Republican party to swallow. Nobody who deals with millions of dollars fails to take account of all the chances. In this case the figures mount up to hundreds of millions, and it is inconceivable that the managers did not contemplate the possibility of such a measure as Chairman Babcock's passing Congress at an early day, if the consolidation of interests should really take place.

With them it was simply a question of dollars and cents. Would the total profits be greater with free competition at home and tariff protection against foreigners, or with "community of interest" at home and free trade with the external world? If the proposed combination is made, it will be made because the managers believe that they can afford to accept free trade rather than risk the competition of the Carnegie plant in the manufacture of tubes, sheets, and the other specialties which the latter was about to turn its attention to. The Carnegie Company has hitherto served the purposes of general

competition in the production of steel in its many varieties, not actual but potential. It has not pursued an aggressive policy, but, being in a position to do so, and having kept its hands free, it has seemed to protect the public against the evils of monopoly.

The situation, however, was one that could not be maintained for ever. The various combinations (Federal Steel, American Steel and Wire, National Tube, and what not) were liable each to encroach upon the territory claimed by the others, and upon that claimed by the Carnegie Company. Moreover, there was no way to keep other people from starting steel works and encroaching upon all of them. It was a condition of unstable equilibrium from which Mr. Carnegie, now past sixty years of age, was perhaps justified in withdrawing, although a younger man might have found glory as well as profit in continuing in active business, remaining independent, and being known as the greatest manufacturer in the world.

The terms upon which Mr. Carnegie takes himself out of the competitive field are not known to the public, but we may be sure that those who buy him out believe that they can make money by taking his works and the Babcock bill into the bargain. They can undersell both English and German steel-producers in foreign markets. Therefore they cannot be harmed in the domestic market by importations of steel from abroad. Nor will the Babcock bill entirely prevent them from charging higher prices to American than to foreign consumers. There will still be a margin in their favor due to ocean and inland freight charges, commissions, and interest. The Babcock bill will put a limit to the amount they can charge to consumers at home, but they will still be able to exact something more than the law of free competition would give them. Moreover, they cannot wholly stifle domestic competition unless they can monopolize the raw materials of manufacture. New tube works, for example, are about starting at Zanesville, Ohio, independent of the National Tube Company.

The Babcock bill has come forward so suddenly that the Republican politicians have not been able to make up their minds what to do about it. Ex-Attorney-General Miller, a member of President Harrison's Cabinet, is quoted as saying in an interview at Chicago on Wednesday of last week:

"There was a time when the protective tariff was absolutely necessary to the growth of the struggling industries of this country, but it would require a little stretch of the imagination to class the great Trusts or combinations of capital in manufacturing lines of to-day with the 'infant industries' of twenty years ago. The bad feature in the protection of such Trusts is their treatment of the home market. They are so strong and vigorous in their battle for a share of the world's trade, that they can go abroad into the markets of Europe and the Orient and underbid foreign manufacturers. This is where the injustice comes

in, and it is due entirely to the tariff that prohibits foreign manufacturers from entering our market. This state of affairs is very favorable for the home manufacturer, but decidedly unfavorable for the home consumer. All of the Trusts probably could not be reached through the repeal of the protective tariff, but the majority could, and it is the belief of many that the repeal of the Dingley Tariff Law on at least a number of articles would go a long way to solve the Trust question."

These are bold words for a prominent Republican statesman, but they are true ones, and they will find many echoes before the next Congressional elections. The tariff-protected Trusts have stretched the bow to the breaking-point, and the Republican politicians will find themselves in difficulties if they allow the Democrats to raise this issue against them. It is not impossible that the elections of 1890 may repeat themselves, when only 87 Republicans were elected in a House of 332 members, and when William McKinley himself lost his seat.

THE NEW SPANISH CRISIS.

It may be true that a watched revolution never boils, but the signs of social and political disturbance in Spain have become too thick and threatening to be lightly dismissed. The real wonder is that a fresh Spanish revolution has not occurred before now. By the mere law of averages, it is long overdue. That the country is now on the verge of the long-deferred catastrophe is openly asserted by that veteran Spanish Republican and ex-President of the Spanish Republic of 1873, Señor Pi y Margall. He has, it is true, many times before predicted a revolution which did not come off. That is part of his business. Yet it is likely that this steady prophet of the same event will some day be right—just as the dummy clock of a jeweller's sign-post will indicate the correct time twice in the twenty-four hours. At any rate, we cannot shut our eyes to the strong and complex forces and motives which are making against the stability of the present Spanish régime. "Bad government," was Macaulay's short and easy way of describing the causes of Spain's woful decline. But what are the significant particulars wrapped up in this vague general? Why should the apparently natural and inoffensive marriage of the Princess of Asturias to Don Carlos de Bourbon be made the occasion of seditious cries and violent outbreaks in capital and provinces alike? Just how does this event link itself with and exemplify "bad government"?

The explanation commonly given is that the royal bridegroom is tarred with Carlism. His father, the Count of Caserta, is a Carlist by both profession and practice—both word and sword (*palabra y espada*), as the Spanish say. He has actually been in arms against the reigning dynasty. But this is not the whole story. Carlism, as such, is

not so immensely unpopular in Spain. The Church has been openly for it, and probably is for it now in its secret heart. To set up a Legitimist monarch, if the thing could be managed deftly, would not convulse Spain. The real trouble is, we think, that the husband of the Princess is a Bourbon of the reactionary type. This Sicilian and Neapolitan branch of the family is inbred on both sides, so that the young Don Carlos, who may become King Consort of Spain, is a Bourbon *pur sang*. To Spanish apprehensions this means of the type of Isabella, and of the retrograde style of government which led the country to rise in successful revolution in 1867. It is the return of the narrow, bigoted, Ultramontane Bourbons which excited Spain sees threatened in the royal nuptials. The fear is no doubt heightened by the apparently well-founded rumors of the fragile health of the young King, who may not live to reign.

This connection of cause and effect also makes intelligible the sudden access of popular hatred of the Jesuits. The occasion seized for manifestation of mob fury was, oddly enough, the production of a play by Galdós, probably the most popular, and in many respects the foremost, of living Spanish writers. His new drama seems to have had a decided anti-sacerdotal *Tendenz*, and fell in so aptly with the prevailing passions of the day that it became a kind of touchstone of popular feeling. Galdós is a typical Spaniard in his attitude towards the Church. In his novels, 'Doña Perfecta' and 'La Familia de Leon Roch,' for example, he has painted Catholic priests and the common conception of religion with honest realism, and shown, as have the other novelists of contemporary Spain, better than a formal treatise could, the strange mixture of regard and abhorrence with which the run of men in Spain confront the Church. What most excites their dislike and dread is the political activity, especially in an Ultramontane sense, of the bishops and clergy; and it is evidently because of a revived suspicion of this sort that the present agitations are given so distinct an anti-clerical bias.

The commercial and industrial classes have grievances of their own. Taxation presses heavily on all kinds of property. The United Chambers of Commerce of the Peninsula have, again and again, appealed to the Government for retrenchment and reform, for cutting down the army, for burying the remains of a useless navy, and for a more rational system of taxation. Small response has been made. The few reforms attempted by the Ministry have been throttled in the Cortes. The collection of taxes has been forcibly resisted in various parts of the kingdom, with the result that martial law has been proclaimed and the

taxpayers forced to settle *manu militari*. This has naturally aroused fierce resentment, especially in Barcelona—indeed, throughout all Catalonia—a hotbed of Republicanism as it is a hive of industry. The Catalans, in fact, have gone so far as to talk of cutting loose from Spain and setting up a government of their own, or else seeking annexation to France. This may come to nothing, but it certainly will accentuate the hostility to Spain which has always been observable in this Mediterranean province. "All aboard for Spain," De Amicis reported to be the common cry in the Barcelona railway station, to show how foreign a country the natives regarded that of which Madrid is the capital. A recent traveller recounts multiplying signs of the disgust of Catalans with their Spanish nationality.

Behind all this stands the Republican agitation, and, above all, the army. A soldier is usually the *deus ex machina* in Spain, and the soldier to whom we now have to look is our old friend Gen. Weyler, at present Captain-General of Madrid. It was a predecessor in that office who, Cromwell fashion, turned the Deputies out of doors in 1874, and made Alfonso King. The significant feature of the present military situation is that Weyler has openly professed Republican sympathies, and within a twelvemonth said in his place in the Senate that the troubles in Catalonia might yet be made the means of "regenerating" the country. Of course, the only regeneration likely to be had from his hands would be a military dictatorship, with one Valeriano Weyler undertaking the part which Marshal Prim played in 1868.

THE MANUSCRIPTS OF THE CONDÉ MUSEUM.—II.

PARIS, January 31, 1901.

One of the finest manuscripts in existence—the finest, certainly, as an artistic work existing at Chantilly—is that numbered 63 in the precious catalogue just published. It is the "Horæ" of the Duke de Berry, a small folio with a red morocco binding, bearing the arms of Spinola and Serra. The Duke d'Aumale kept this volume in a box mounted with a silver plaque made by Wechte. The Duke left Twickenham in December, 1855, to pay a visit to his mother, Queen Marie Amélie, who was staying at the time for her health at Nervi, near Genoa. Panizzi had spoken to him of a fine manuscript which had been mentioned to him by a friend in Turin, and was deposited at the time in a school for young ladies at the Villa Palavicini, in a suburb of Genoa. It belonged to the Baron Felix di Margherita of Turin, who found it in the heritage of Jean Baptiste Serra. "A rapid inspection," writes the Duke d'Aumale, "enabled me to appreciate the beauty, the style, the originality of the miniatures and of all the decoration. I recognized the portrait of the Prince, his arms, the castle of Vincennes." There were some very serious competitors for this admirable work. Thanks to Panizzi, the Duke had the preference; he had to pay only 18,000

frances for this volume, which would now, at a public sale, be valued at a very great price.

"This book," says the Duke d'Aumale, "occupies a great place in the history of art; I venture to say that it has no rival. I have shown it to very learned and delicate critics—first, to Antonio Panizzi, who organized the British Museum; to Dr. Waagen of the Berlin Museum; they two were the first to see it, and, after them, the most competent of all judges, my eminent colleague, Léopold Delisle, the head of the National Library."

The Duke de Berry was a son of King John, who was so long a prisoner in England. He was born at the Hôtel de Nesle, in Paris, in 1340, and was buried in the Holy Chapel of Bourges, which he built. He did not play a brilliant part in the wars of his time, and his political action was not very honorable; but arts and letters never had a more enlightened protector. One knows all the edifices which he constructed and all the collections which he assembled. His manuscripts are the finest ornaments of our public collections; they have all been described. The Chantilly library possesses six of them—the "Horae"; a volume of the "City of God"; the "Ethics" of Aristotle; the Second Decade of Livy; the "Properties of Things" (in French), by Bartholomew Anglicus; "Gace de la Buigne" (in French). Jean de Berry left no son; his daughter Bonne was married in 1372 to Amédée le Roux, first Duke of Savoy, and became a widow in 1391. She came back to France, and was married to the Count d'Armagnac, and died at Carlat in 1435. After the death of Jean de Berry, an inventory was made, in which the fine manuscript of the "Horae" is entered in these words: "Item, en une lajette plusieurs cayers d'unes tres riches heures que faisaient Pol [Paul Limbourg] et ses frères, tres richement historiez et enluminez." This inventory was made for the execution of the testament, and is now kept in the Sainte-Geneviève Library near the Pantheon.

The manuscript, left to the granddaughter of the Duke de Berry, was unfinished at his death; it was completed in Italy, where it remained for four hundred years, in Savoy and Montferrat. It entered into the house of the famous captain and banker Spinola, whose arms were put on a morocco binding in the eighteenth century. Afterwards the arms of Spinola (the spina) were surmounted by the arms of Serra; and finally the Duke d'Aumale bought it from the Marchese J. B. Serra. Some of the large miniatures, which cover whole pages, deserve especial mention. One of them represents the Duke de Berry sitting, according to tradition, "his back to the fire, his face to the table"; he wears a fur cap, a long blue gown lined with fur and embroidered with gold. He is seated under a high canopy of red silk, covered with escutcheons bearing the French arms, with swans and wounded bears. These bears were a peculiar ornament in the books of Jean de Berry; they were, says the tradition, in remembrance of a hunt during which a lady called Ursina was wounded. These arms and emblems are repeated in the borders of the tapestries which decorate the room and form pictures in themselves, with warriors, castles, battles of horsemen, unfolded banners. In the front of the scene are a number of valets and retainers, with dogs (as in the famous picture of Paul Veronese).

Their costumes are varied and very picturesque. A chamberlain, with his wand and his chain, presents to the Duke a personage who might be taken, with his red mantle, for a cardinal, and who seems to thank the Duke for the honor paid him. Is it a cardinal or a pilgrim? It certainly is a portrait, painted from life. In the background are several lords and squires, warming themselves before a fire which burns in a stone chimney. The head of the Duke is protected from the fire by a screen. The whole scene is full of animation; if the figures were life-size, it would form a magnificent picture. The coloring is so fresh that you would think it of yesterday, so harmonious that it is a pleasure to the eye.

Through the whole of the volume, the arms of Berry and the emblems, swans and bears, recur constantly, in an infinity of combinations and forms. Sometimes there are only three *fleurs de lys*, and sometimes they are what we call *en nombre*—that is to say, in any number. This peculiarity would suffice to fix the age of the work; it is the time when the arms of France were transformed, at the end of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth. The initial miniature is followed by a calendar. The twelve pages devoted to the twelve months are extremely remarkable. They represent, indeed, the rural works which are characteristic of the seasons of the year, but they all have backgrounds which possess an historical character. Two of them represent the dwellings of the Capetian Kings in Paris, the "Logis du Roi" and the Louvre—the old Louvre of Charles V., with its numerous towers and pointed roofs, the wall which surrounded the huge central edifice, with its turrets and ditches; and before this wall the Seine, the Pré-aux-Clercs, and fields with laborers engaged in mowing. This scene is a real picture; its details are charming, the color and the drawing are both admirable. The coloring is very light, and, I may say, airy; it has a delicate transparency, and differs from the heavy, dark, and massive coloring of so many ordinary ancient manuscripts. The old "Logis du Roi" is to-day our Palais de Justice; we see in the Berry manuscript its inner façade, of which no trace is now left; in the background are the two towers of the Conciergerie, with the Sainte-Chapelle, which remain to this day among the finest features of our capital. These two pages, which have an invaluable precision and are real historical monuments, serve for the months of October and June.

The month of March shows us laborers pruning the vineyards before the vast fortress of Lusignan on the river Vienne. The fairy Mélusine, in the shape of a golden dragon, glides through the air to join her husband Raymond. The castle of Lusignan was the birthplace of the Plantagenets and of the La Rochefoucaulds. In July we have the castle of Poitiers, with its three towers and its dependencies, behind corn-fields filled with laborers. In September the rural scene takes place before the castle of Bicêtre; in December we witness a hunt in the forest of Vincennes. Dogs and huntsmen are seen around a boar; above the forest of old oaks, whose leaves, already yellow, form a sort of roof, rise the seven square towers round the donjon. This miniature, one of the finest in the volume, has been, like some others, exactly copied in the celebrated Grimani manuscript at Venice.

The painter who decorated this latter manuscript must have seen the Berry manuscript in the library of the Princes of Savoy and Montferrat. Some miniatures of the Berry manuscript have also been imitated in a book kept in the Royal Library at Brussels, known, among bibliophiles, by the name of the "Hennessy Horn," and attributed to Simon Bening. It is probably through some intermediate copies that Bening had knowledge of these pictures. We have to mention, also, as relating to the life of Jean de Berry, two other pages—the Presentation, representing the Virgin, as a child, ascending the steps of a temple which has the façade of the Cathedral of Bourges; and the Temptation, showing Christ and Satan on a rock. Here the foreground shows the castle of Mehun-sur-Yèvre, where the Duke kept his treasury. The castle of Étampes has been recognized in the miniature of the month of August by the Count de Beauchamp. Several other edifices of the time may be recognized later.

I have dwelt only upon the miniatures which, by the representation of old castles, have an historical character. Much would have to be said of those having only a religious character. They are, in the opinion of all who have artistic feeling, simply masterpieces. They show a power of imagination in the artist seldom found in the productions of a time when all the religious representations had a traditional character. Some of them strongly remind one of the famous fresco painted by Taddeo Gaddi on the walls of the Baroncelli chapel at Santa-Croce in Florence.

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S RETURN TO NATURALISM.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., February 9, 1901.

About a year ago, in speaking of Gerhart Hauptmann's "Fuhrmann Henschel," I expressed in these columns the hope that Hauptmann's return to the uncompromising naturalism of his earliest works, as manifested in that drama, would prove to be only a transient phase in his development; that his next serious production would again lead us to the heights of existence reached in "Die Versunkene Glocke"; would show the poet once more journeying towards the promised land of ideal art. In a way, this hope has been sadly disappointed. "Michael Kramer," his latest drama, is altogether of a piece with his first revolutionary outbursts of indignation at social corruption. Like "Vor Sonnenaugang" and "Das Friedensfest," it reveals a world of atrocious vulgarity, foulness, and vice; and, like these earlier productions, it forces upon us the question: How is it possible that a poet of such refinement of moral feeling, such delicacy of imagination, and such exquisite lightness of artistic touch, should, after all, seem by preference to wallow in the mire of social misery and moral degradation?

Is this, then, really the life led by the typical German of to-day? These unhappy and unintelligent marriages, these capricious and masterful parents, these rebellious and disloyal children, these swaggering men and these graceless women, this stupidly arrogant cavallerdom, this petty and self-seeking bureaucracy, this universal indecency, lust, and debauchery—that is Germany, that is what we were fond of calling the land of idealism, the land of intellectual aristocracy, the land of pure and loving family life? If

it is, we can only pray that the sins of the present generation may not be visited upon our children and our children's children; for if they were, the future could bring nothing but national disintegration and degeneracy. However this may be, we cannot but deplore the fact that a genius like Hauptmann's should have been condemned to live in surroundings which have imparted even to his noblest creations a fatal germ of morbidity and gloom; which have forced him, too, like so many inferior men, into the class of writers of whom a contemporary epigrammatist (Renaud, in his 'Poetische Auslese') truthfully says—

"Das heissen sie heute die Welt verstehen:
Statt der Rose die Blattaus sehn"—

and which have deceived him into thinking that the painful and the tragic are identical terms.

What is the action in this latest drama of his, "Michael Kramer"? One might say, there is no action at all; there is only a situation, a calamitous family situation. The father, old Kramer himself, is a painter, a man of ardent convictions, but apparently mediocre talent. His convictions have been inherited by his daughter, who, however, is a singularly ungraceful person. His talents have been transmitted to his son, who, however, is a moral wretch. Add to this that Kramer has no inner relation whatever with his wife, a hopelessly humdrum and uninteresting person—and the necessary ingredients for family misery are at hand. The father, with stubborn tenacity, devotes himself to his art—so much so that he lives almost exclusively in his studio, apart from the family; the son, with equal consistency, wastes his vitality by lounging about in doubtful resorts, and his brain substance in intercourse with waitresses and chorus girls. The mother limits her activity to taking the son's part whenever the father's indignation at his conduct becomes particularly violent. The daughter bears the burden of the whole family. The end, of course, is the son's suicide, borne by the father with the exaltation of a man brought face to face with eternity.

No one would deny, I suppose, that a theme like this might form a proper subject for dramatic art. A number of conflicts arising from it may be imagined which would be genuinely tragic. If we were made to see the struggle in the son's breast between his artistic striving and his baser appetites; if we were made to feel that a noble nature was here, in spite of brave resistance, dragged down by sin and lust, until at last suicide was found to be the only escape, the only way in which moral freedom could assert itself, we should follow this struggle with that mixture of painful and pleasurable sensations which, according to Volkelt, constitutes the tragic emotion. And the same would be the case if the conflict between father and son were emphasized and carefully delineated; if we saw two principles clashing with each other—paternal authority on the one hand, self-assertion of the individual on the other, each confident of its right, each subversive of the other. Or, finally, if the conflict were confined to the father's breast; if we saw him at variance with himself, experiencing in his own soul the contrast between the old, autocratic view of life and the new demands of freer humanity, as represented by his son; if we were made to understand how impossible it was for him

to overcome this contrast, and how he was thus bound to plunge both himself and his son into ruin—this also would be a truly tragic sight.

It would be preposterous to assume for a moment that a master like Hauptmann should not have thought of these various conflicts. Indeed, he has indicated traces of them himself throughout his drama; but he has only indicated them. With full deliberation, he pushes all these tragic conflicts into the background, and concentrates our attention upon the unqualifiedly painful, the loathsome spectacle of the moral wretchedness into which the son has at length sunk. In reading these scenes we feel as though we were observing a case of progressive paralysis of the brain. Hardly a symptom of this most hideous of mental diseases are we spared. All the profane language, all the sexual excitement, all the vile hallucinations characteristic of this wretched state, are brought before us; and, in addition to this, there is forced upon us with awful distinctness a sight of those unspeakably vulgar surroundings, the bawling and carousing restaurant-life of "respectable" society, in which this particular victim of modern city profligacy has lost his soul. In all this there is no false touch, there is no exaggeration, there is nothing but truth to life; there is consequently, technically speaking, perfect art. But I must confess, if this is art, I, for one, prefer a life in the desert, where there is no art, but plenty of air and plenty of sky.

And yet this latest drama of Hauptmann's, like all his works, has something of that inspiring quality which only true genius can give. Here, as in "Fuhrmann Henschel," there stands out at least one figure which compensates us for all the surrounding vulgarity. In "Fuhrmann Henschel" it was the figure of the honest Silesian peasant-teamster, craving to shake off the feeling of guilt, craving to atone for the violation of a promise given to his dying wife, and thus standing unwittingly all by himself as the instinctive upholder of a moral principle. Here, it is the brooding, choleric old Michael Kramer. Like Henschel, he is encompassed by nothing but foulness and vice. In his own family he has nothing but disappointment. His son, from whose artistic genius he had hoped for the consummation denied to himself, he sees sink into utter moral disintegration. But all the more steadfastly does the old man cling to the ideals of his art; in his work he finds his religion; his studio becomes to him the holy of holies; here he consecrates himself; here he wrestles and strives through lonely hours, lonely days, lonely years; here it becomes clear to him that the true artist is the true ascetic and the true anchorite. And thus he acquires the moral strength which enables him to bear the most cruel blow, the ignominious suicide of his son, not only without flinching, but with true elevation and grandeur of soul. Death now appears to him as the great fulfiller and sanctifier; and, as he stands by the outstretched lifeless form of his son, he sees in his pale face a glow of triumph and attainment. "What did these fools know of him—these sticks and blocks in human form? What did they know of him and me and our struggles? They have hunted him to death; they have killed him like a dog. That is past now. 'Tis well that he lies there; 'tis well; 'tis well. Let me tell you,

Death has been slandered; that is the greatest wrong in the world. Death is the fairest form of Life; 'tis the masterwork of Love, the Eternal."

Hauptmann's art seems to me like a wondrous flower, blossoming in lonely beauty upon a hideous, pestilential pool. Would not this flower blossom all the more beautifully if it were transplanted to a healthy soil? Would not, in other words, the poet Hauptmann appeal all the more strongly to our aesthetic instincts if, instead of the abnormal and the diseased, he offered us types of the universally and harmoniously human?

KUNO FRANCKE.

THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS.

VLADIKAVKAS, November 7, 1901.

For a distance of 700 miles, extending from the Sea of Azov to the Caspian Sea, the Caucasus Mountains present an almost impassable barrier between Europe and Asia. In the range there are as many as six peaks which are higher than Mt. Blanc, Elbruz being 18,526 feet; while for 130 miles in the central part there is no pass less than 10,000 feet high. Indeed, so continuous and rugged is the chain that until recently it has been well-nigh impossible to cross it anywhere except along the shore of the Caspian Sea. Yet the entire width of the chain averages less than 100 miles. From the earliest times, however, what is now known as the Dariel Pass, but which was called by Pliny the Caucasian Gates, has been occasionally used. This crosses the range near its central portion, between Tiflis on the south and Vladikavkaz on the north. Upon the final conquest of the country by the Russians, forty years ago, they built a splendid military road over this pass, so that now one is able to enjoy the unrivaled scenery with no hazard and with the least possible amount of fatigue. A brief account of our trip across the pass will furnish the best idea one can give of the condition of the country and of the explanation it affords of the history of the people.

We were in Tiflis on the morning of the 5th of November. It was later in the season than we had hoped to make the passage, but we had to take the risks of the weather, which, though cloudy, was not particularly threatening. In order to control our movements to better advantage, we did not take the ordinary diligence, but engaged a phaeton, which would easily accommodate two persons and a small amount of baggage. This was to be drawn by four horses, which, with their drivers, were changed about every twelve miles. An imposing, well-armed Circassian, however, was to accompany us the entire distance (112 miles) as conductor. For this outfit we paid twenty-four dollars. The toll and tips along the way, however, brought the entire expense up to thirty dollars. For the first twelve miles we followed up the Kura River, parallel to the railway, where are still some ruins of the ancient capital of Georgia, to Mshet. Here we left the main valley and turned up the Aragwa, having attained a level of 1,500 feet above the sea, but only 200 feet above Tiflis. The ten miles to the next small station carried us up to 2,000 feet. The third ten miles, however, brought us to an elevation of nearly 3,000 feet, and to Dushet, a flourishing town of 3,500 inhabitants. Here, too,

was a ruined castle of an ancient Georgian prince. So far the scenery had not been remarkable, but we had encountered, near Dushet, our first evidence of glacial action. This was a beautiful circular lake, about a mile in diameter, surrounded by a wide gravel plain of glacial origin. In short, it was what we call in America a kettle-hole. A glacier had evidently come down to this point from the central elevations of the range, many miles to the northwest. But it is evident that there was in former times, as now, no general extension of glaciers over the region, for we saw no more evidences whatever of glacial action during our entire trip.

In crossing the moraine, we had left the immediate valley of the Aragwa, but in the next twelve miles returned to it at a somewhat lower level at the interesting little village of Ananur, where the ruins of two ancient forts reminded us of the military aspect of the whole country which had characterized it for thousands of years. The next two stages took us up a gorge of rapidly increasing depth to Mletz, whose elevation is 4,800 feet. But on either side of us were many snow-clad peaks rising from 5,000 to 6,000 feet higher, and the flanks of these mountains up to 6,000 feet above the sea were dotted with hamlets and ruined fortresses, while for 1,000 feet higher the fields had been cultivated, and the stacks of grain and hay were thick upon them, awaiting the process of being slid down the steep slopes to the dwellings and threshing-floors below. As there had been a slight fall of snow, the inhabitants were busy there gathering in their crops, but so far off were they that they looked like diminutive ants on gigantic ant-hills.

The sun had already gone down, and we put up with several other parties at the spacious station-house, ready to start early in the morning. We had now come considerably more than half the entire distance, but had by no means completed the ascent. The clouds which had partly covered the mountain tops, by lending mystery, had enhanced rather than dulled the beauty of the scene. The morning dawned beautifully, and at seven o'clock we set out upon the most rapid portion of the ascent. In the next ten miles we ascended 2,600 feet, but by such a zig-zag line that we were scarcely two miles in a straight line from our starting-place. We were now above the clouds, and saw their upper surface lighted by the bright rays of the morning sun. We were also on an extensive and comparatively level area produced by a broad flow of basalt which, in former geological ages, had poured out from some neighboring vent and levelled up the irregularities already existing. There, also, at an absolute elevation of 7,000 feet, were flourishing villages and hamlets of low stone houses, covered with flat sod roofs, on which were crowded stacks of hay and grain. Everything was in slick, trim order, ready for the severe winter weather which was soon to burst upon them.

The second run this morning carried us over the summit, 7,940 feet above the sea, and down a few hundred feet to the picturesque village of Kobi. At the summit, the craggy peaks of Krestovaya Gora (mountain of the Cross) tower immediately above us 2,000 feet, while a little farther along Mt. Kasbek appears behind them, a few miles away, rising up 8,600 feet (800 feet

higher than Mt. Blanc) still above us. The descent of the next 2,000 feet to the village of Kasbek was exciting beyond description. We did not need to crane our necks to see the scenery, for we repeatedly faced every point of the compass in our spiral course. The village, which began as a speck far below our feet, gradually enlarged with every turn; the mountain peaks grew higher and higher, and the hamlets on their sides more and more airy in their aspects; while occasional glimpses of the glaciers near the summit of Mt. Kasbek flashed out upon us as we whirled around the corners of our zig-zag track.

Sixteen hundred feet still further down we reach, by a road cut most of the way in the face of the precipice, the celebrated Pass of Dariel, where the mountains rise on each side 3,000 feet as nearly perpendicular as rocks can stand, and the river dashes through a gorge so narrow that in ancient times it is said to have been closed by a gate. The ruins of a castle which formerly defended it still frown down upon the throng of trains which now pass through it; while a new castle, marking the Russian era, is more useful as a summer resort than as a present defence. A few more turns and the gorge opens, so that we look out on the broad plains of Russia, with nothing but the rotundity of the earth and the density of the atmosphere to prevent our seeing the North Pole; so abruptly do the Caucasus Mountains rise out of the level country to the north.

But it has not been the scenery or the geology only which has occupied our thoughts. The pass has led us along the dividing line between some of the most thrilling scenes of modern history. Following along the flank of the mountain chain to the east of us for 200 miles is the home of the Lesghians whom the famous Shamyl aroused in opposition to the Russians, conducting a most remarkable defence upwards of twenty years. It was one of the most wonderful feats in all history that 200,000 or 300,000 mountaineers, with their limited resources, should thus hold at bay the mightiest military power of the world. But in crossing the mountain chain, and seeing the gorges to be traversed by an attacking army, and the precipitous walls to be stormed, the marvel is that the Russians were ever successful. In 1859, however, Shamyl's last and apparently impregnable fortress on Mount Ghunib was captured, and the hero with it. The tribes then submitted, and peace and prosperity have since reigned in place of fruitless warfare.

On the western end of the Caucasus an equally sanguinary combat was waged at the same time. This was with the Circassians proper. It was not until 1864 that they were conquered, but they did not take defeat with equanimity. They were largely Mohammedans, and, after defeat, emigrated to the number of 400,000 into Turkish territory, to add to the disturbing elements of that unfortunate empire. The country was left desolate, and has not yet fully recovered from the disastrous event. Henceforth the history of the Caucasus will be incorporated with that of the expanding Russian empire. However much this may interfere with the picturesqueness of the individual development of the people, there can be no doubt that it will enhance the general welfare. The grand highway over which we rode across the rugged mountain range is a type of the advan-

tage which in many ways arises from the enlargement of nations as well as from that of corporations. G. FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Correspondence.

STANFORD AND LIBERTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Even they who have no need of it should thank Prof. W. J. Ashley for his kindly warning (No. 1857) to "the younger instructors in other American universities" to beware how they accept possible invitations to Stanford. I, at least, thank him for in some ways the most interesting contribution I have yet encountered in rather close following of the vicissitudes of guess-work in the given case. It is no desire of mine to detract from whatever influence this easily spared advice may have. Stanford has thus far managed to secure so many instructors as were needed, and may very possibly so continue. But, as rather nearer the scene, intimate with the facts, and not fighting windmills from newspaper gossip, I crave your indulgence for a statement of the case as it is. The more mature letter of Professor Lawton, suggesting, as it were, a Professors' Union, may pass with the remark that, even as waiters' unions are principally to bolster waiters who might very likely be discharged, and the waiter whom no one would think of discharging needs no organized labor at his back, so no incontestable college professor is in jeopardy. I have never known one to be dismissed about whom there was no doubt.

The removal of Professor Ross from Stanford had no relation to "academic freedom," plutocracy, Chinese labor, corporate influence, or Mrs. Stanford's "tyranny." Professor Ross's "opinions," "temperate" or intemperate, or even his veerings of opinion, had no more to do with the case than had the emotions of a willing witness in Cambridge. The sole issue has been one merely of academic morals and common sense. It may be that university men—who do not, I fancy, generically preach or practise devout reliance on "education by newspaper"—would do as well in the specific instance not to hasten too fast or too far on the same dubious data; and particularly, without knowing which newspaper. As a mere matter of fact, possibly with, possibly without, significance, the "Stanford scandal" had its birth in the dispatches of a newspaper whose sole owner was two years ago defeated for the United States Senatorship largely by the influence of Mrs. Stanford. At least, that was the public and notorious understanding upon this coast, while it is equally notorious that, for some reason, the said paper has been vindictive toward Mrs. Stanford, and for her sake toward the University.

Mrs. Stanford has been a moneyed person by no particular fault of hers. The millions her husband had not given to the University he left to her; and to convert them into such shape that she could give them all to the splendid and vital monument founded in memory of their only son cost her a protracted and rather bitter struggle with some of his associates, who thought so much money more useful in railroads than in colleges. Meantime, she pawned her jewels to keep the University uncrippled. I have no hesitation in believing that any man who, upon sufficient misinformation and unwittingly, may have furthered the rather

cruel and very absurd gossip of a case perverted to "punish" this devoted old woman, would flush hotly if he could be given to apprehend the precise truth about the whole case and all its details.

Professor Ross has nowhere for a moment pretended that his dismissal had anything to do with "free speech," or with any other of the boding omens supplied exclusively by his press exploiter and by the imagination of uninformed long-range sympathizers. Any who will procure and read his 1896 campaign pamphlet, "An Honest Dollar," may need no further interpreter as to the true reasons why the author does not retain his professorship at Stanford. One may fancy the event if that unfortunate deliverance, of "Coin" Harvey calibre and dignity, had sworn its paternity upon Cambridge—not as an individual responsibility, but as "By So-and-So, Professor of Economics in Harvard University"! It certainly cannot be felt that there was precipitation in dealing with the case. After friendly warning of the unfitness of that precise quality of taste in a professor, Professor Ross has had a friendly and patient probation of four years to enable him to come in step with the general balance, dignity, and loyalty which are so characteristic of the institution. A serious re-crudescence of slang in classroom and public lectures, many indiscretions, and a graver impropriety made further probation needless. The last straw was when he made openly what were understood by his students, the public, and Mrs. Stanford to be contemptuous attacks on her husband, the founder of the University. When the widow understood that—and it is not of evidence that Professor Ross has denied his intention—she asked as a personal matter that the dismissal, long discussed as probably not much longer evitable, be made immediately. That Professor Ross did not himself think his "academic liberty" in danger at Stanford, nor really deem the Stanford money so dishonorable as one might call it in the glow of exhorting undergraduates and labor mass-meetings, is perhaps adequately shown by the notorious fact that he still desired and attempted to retain his chair.

Professor Ashley has not even the warrant of newspaper gossip—on which his communication is at best founded—for the gratuitous statement that "Mrs. Stanford took the initiative . . . by the dismissal of Dr. Howard," etc. Nor yet of truth. Mrs. Stanford did not dismiss Dr. Howard, nor have anything to do with it. President Jordan did the dismissing, quite without aid, and for reasons and in correspondence now open property. The day after the curtain-raiser episode of Ross, Dr. Howard took the stage with an address to his class of which the spirit and scope may be inferred from the following words: "I do not worship Saint Market Street, I do not reverence Holy Standard Oil, nor do I doff my hat to the Celestial Six Companies." The only conceivable significance of his language would be that Dr. Howard found himself in (but superior to) a university whose control did perform these immoral genuflections to locally notorious corporate influences. The faculty and student body, however, declined to take seriously his dramatic refusal to make salaams which no one had asked of him or of them. They left him to say as a sadder Louis: "The Revolt, c'est moi." He was taken even less seriously when, failing to lead mutiny unto reform, he quietly settled back to his

place in the unpurged régime. He did not resign. On the contrary, he retained his chair and its reasonable emolument (\$4,500) so long as he could. Only after waiting two months for some expression of the change of heart which could justify this salaried participation in what the incumbent had denounced as unmanly and iniquitous, did President Jordan write a kind letter of surprise and regret that no such word had been forthcoming, and now requesting either apology or resignation. Dr. Howard in reply could see nothing which required explanation or apology, and tendered his resignation, preferably to take effect at the end of the academic year. He evidently was not afraid to expose himself for six months longer to the atmosphere of compound suppression and servility. President Jordan answered that the resignation might pend thus long if Dr. Howard felt that meantime he could give the University his "harmonious coöperation." Under this test, Dr. Howard reluctantly confessed judgment by yielding his place at once. Three minor men, whose action probably has some genuine relation of sympathy to the Ross-Howard drama, have tendered resignations which have been accepted without demur. And the play is ended.

To such as know universities East and West, there has been a quiet humor in much of the borrowing of trouble for the specific institution, wherein a probably unique freedom not only is striking in the whole "atmosphere," but is an organic provision of its economy. Stanford is the most richly endowed university in the world, with its matter of \$26,000,000. It is not scanning the horizon for potential "angels." It has no rich persons to conciliate or cultivate. Senator Stanford is dead. His widow, now seventy-one, has given of the Stanford fortune all that he did not. She has now no more rod over the institution than the self-respect of honorable people in touch with the facts gladly tenders to the devoted, single-hearted, eminently sensible, and unmeddlesome Mother of the University. Neither are there politicians nor *ex-officio* regents to trim for. The foundation is self-reliant and complete, not a candidate for favors, financial or official, nor conditioning its progress upon them. Organically, it has a fortunate distinction in the fact that its whole nervous system centres in its own head, instead of being in part diverted to exterior ganglia of political, religious, or business "interests." None who know Dr. David Starr Jordan (and that must in a way mean none who keep pace with education) will seriously fear that the faculty he has created shall find at his hands injustice or narrowness. He may as confidently be expected to exercise the plenary power conferred upon him to secure equal justice to the student body in its right to dignified, competent, and creditable instructors. As to academic liberty, and the smaller question whether Professor Ross's Original Bryanism was accounted to him for unrighteousness (save in so far as concerns indiscretion and bad taste in the *manners* of his partisanship), it will, perhaps, be permitted me to suggest that, while there may have been other college presidents in the United States who felt fully free to outspoke so roundly, so thoroughly, and so weightily as Dr. Jordan did upon the ticklish theme of Imperialism, for instance, any such have eluded my observation. The student body of some 1,500 earnest young men and women, the faculty of

about 120 very respectable persons, the alumni, and, so far as I know, all outside scholars familiar with the real facts, thoroughly endorse the presidential policy which means to maintain at Stanford that spirit of devotion, dignity, and sanity which in this remote quarter of the earth is deemed fit complement of learning.

Professor Ashley may safely doff his concern that "the work of the students should be interrupted." Nor is the cheerful philosophy with which he can feel that "there are worse things in American university life than the removal of a few score of students from one Californian institution to another" less gratuitous. There are worse things, but not in Stanford—nor these. The work is not interrupted; the students have not removed. The important fact that one parent has shifted his child from Stanford to Berkeley has been already telegraphed abroad. As to the modest proposition of "educating the Stanford administration to a higher conception of a university," I must leave that contract to the only gentleman who confesses his preparedness to undertake it. There are handsome possibilities in it. Aside from Jordan, such men as Branner, Kellogg, Anderson, and some scores of others, would doubtless prove apt and stimulant pupils under just the right instructor.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., February 7, 1901.

PEACE AT PALO ALTO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The report by a selected committee of Stanford alumni, as your last number shows, is accepted as final by the officers of the institution. On this authority, we know that one woman's decision that a certain man's opinions and manners were injudicious and offensive, assured the immediate decapitation of a department. The successive protest of four important instructors has had no result save their own departure and the fuller exhibition of absolute power. As for the President, his functions are executive indeed, not to say imperial. Like the prince of China to-day, the surviving heads of departments and the other scholarly men and women in Palo Alto may tranquilly complete their careers, until and unless either the titular chief of their own body, or the alien dictator, shall decree the instant *coup de grâce*. But neither edge of this two-handed engine at the classroom door waits for the other, if the executive "desires," or the proprietress "demands," an immediate exit. The alumni approve these disciplinary measures, apparently, and agree not to divulge the detailed facts confidentially submitted to them.

Clearly, this is a proprietary school, administered with admirable energy. If the entire student body has indeed been won back to hearty allegiance, the *esprit de corps* is really marvellous. We may be confident that no further insubordination will crop out. The San Francisco papers are delighted to find that an educational plant may be kept as well in hand as a department store.

The day I reached Berlin as a student, the undergraduates were giving a general ovation to Professor Mommsen. The great Prince von Bismarck, and the Prussian Government generally, had felt that Mommsen's activity in the Legislature and in print and speech, being sharply opposed to them, was

injudicious and offensive. But the attempt to discipline him failed utterly, only increasing his weighty influence on both sides the University gate. Professorial manners are—or were—brusque in Berlin. Discipline of the instructors is not even lax, but simply unthought of. But frankness and fearless truth-seeking abound. It was a daily experience to hear gruff old Kirchhoff denounce as unscholarly, out of date, ridiculous, theses which Curtius, the favorite of two emperors at least, was still maintaining in his lectures and books. The atmosphere was large enough for any amount of sharpest mutual criticism. Such an institution had a *national* power and usefulness. A Bismarck could not shake it.

At the other extreme, we all know of schools where young Episcopalians or Roman Catholics, Ethical-Culture disciples, or Seventh-Day Baptists are nurtured, while the beliefs of their parents are instilled into them as the only form of spiritual truth. Probably most men of earnest religious faith are so fully convinced of their own orthodoxy that they would gladly see all widely diverging creeds silenced at once and for ever, without troublesome discussion—and, indeed, political or economic devotees are by instinct little more tolerant.

Few of us desire to see denominational or other proprietary schools suppressed by law. We do hope to see them steadily decay until there shall utterly perish, in every man's mind, the delusion that he has discovered absolute truth, which should be inculcated, not further analyzed and discussed. The time should come when all educators will endeavor to open the mind, not to close it; to make youth critical and progressive, not self-satisfied and dogmatic; when they will bid us pursue truth, but never fancy we have captured and subjugated her.

Perhaps we have as yet no real University, though there are certain departments, like that of philosophy at Harvard, where strong men seem to be chosen because they diverge and disagree, not because they concur. Real universities should be, must be, few, because they must be large in every sense. If they are to develop, they must be differentiated as sharply as possible from proprietary schools. The latter should not even be allowed to bear the consecrated name of University. An individual's wealth may buy a tract or a building, but cannot own a nation, nor a University; for a nation or a University is dead when the existence of an owner for it is proved. One cannot be freeman and slave both.

W.M. C. LAWTON.

BROOKLYN, February 14, 1901.

ACADEMIC SOLIDARITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to write a few words in reply to Prof. Münsterberg's letter which was printed in your columns last week? This would hardly be necessary were it not that Prof. Münsterberg appears to have either misrepresented or misunderstood the facts upon which his criticism was based.

(1) My article in the *Cosmopolitan* was in no sense of the word a review or a criticism of a Columbia doctor's dissertation. It dealt wholly with certain absurd experiments that had been made by persons connected with the Harvard Psychological Laboratory. The fact that these ex-

periments were briefly described in a Columbia dissertation has no more pertinence than if they had been described in the *North American Review* or in the *Journal of Psychology*. They were carried on at Harvard; and it is pleasant to know that Prof. Münsterberg considers them "absurd," and that he himself was not responsible for them.

(2.) Prof. Münsterberg speaks of my "earnest address to the Director of the Harvard Psychological Laboratory" as being offensively joined to a wood-cut of an unintelligent-looking professor. As a matter of fact, my article contained no address, earnest or otherwise, to anybody; while as to the wood-cut, I never saw it or heard of it until that number of the magazine had appeared.

Prof. Münsterberg need not be troubled in his mind. "Academic solidarity" at Columbia is not so fragile and unreal a thing as to be shaken by a little fun from within, or even by the most ingenious misrepresentations of fact put forward from without.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, February 18, 1901.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention was recently called to a somewhat unusual misquotation and misinterpretation of a part of my 'History of the English Language' in an article by Professor Matthews in the February *Harper's*. I am sure that Professor Matthews will allow me to call public attention to the mistake, of course wholly unintentional on his part, lest others should be unnecessarily misled.

And, first, I suppose I must set down to typographical error the expression "synthetical combination," applied to the cleft infinitive and attributed to me. It is the more surprising that it escaped Professor Matthews's critical eye because, of course, he knows that "synthetical" would be the least appropriate word in the place. In fact, the opposite, "analytical," would have been quite exact in the ordinary sense of that term as applied to language. I wrote "synactical" because I was not discussing the cleft infinitive in itself, but merely illustrating the effect of analogy on English syntax, of which it is an unusually good example.

The misinterpretation is somewhat more annoying because more serious in its implications. In using the split infinitive as an illustration of analogy in syntax, I threw in, quite incidentally, the expression "even now establishing itself" to imply the extent of the analogical influence. I had in mind spoken usage in addition to written, as frequently stated in the book, and corrected any chance of wrong impression, I thought, by saying in the next sentence that the split infinitive was used "sometimes even by the best writers." Professor Matthews quotes the incidental remark as if it were a direct assertion, and interprets it as if I had written "even now coming into use for the first time"—a sense which is hardly warranted by the ordinary or extraordinary meaning of the words. I may pass over without notice, I think, the implication of rather gross ignorance which this sense would carry, for I cannot believe many will read the book quoted and think me totally unacquainted with the ordinary discussions of this construction, past or present. It is enough to

say that the split infinitive would have been of little value as an illustration of analogy if I had supposed it was now being used for the first time, instead of having its well-known ancient, though not quite honorable, lineage.

Worst of all, Professor Matthews has attributed to me an opinion which I have never held, and surely never expressed. He says, in effect, that I do not object to the use of the split infinitive in careful writing. In charity I suppose it may be assumed that Professor Matthews meant I did not object to it in that place in the book, or something of that sort. No apology seems to be necessary for trying to separate, as I purposely did in my book, the critic of style from the student of linguistic history, lest the two attitudes should involve confusion. Especially, as I was not discussing the split infinitive, there seemed no occasion for a rhetorical judgment. Yet chronicling a fact is quite different from approving a usage from the standpoint of style. If I had even a small sum for every split infinitive which I have objected to in college themes, my bank account would certainly rival that somewhat notorious one of a character in one of Professor Matthews's stories. But in expressing disapprobation of this usage, neither the rancor of the extreme purist nor the *laissez-faire* attitude of the leveller has seemed to me necessary. The principle I have relied on—and it seems the best answer to most of Professor Matthews's article—is the well-known one of avoidance of any expression which attracts attention to itself rather than to the thought conveyed. Call it economy of attention, or conservation of attention, which seems more exact, there is little danger of its seriously crippling creative genius. Professor Matthews himself approves this valuable principle in one part of his article, and no doubt often applies it, if, indeed, his charming style ever has a less perfect form than that which meets the public eye. But I have no desire to discuss a point in style. My only wish is to correct three errors regarding my book and myself which Professor Matthews has put into as many lines of his article.

OLIVER FARRAH EMERSON.

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY,
February 16, 1901.

PEPY'S DIARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few days ago a book agent, representing a subscription house, called upon me and offered a set of Wheatley's edition of Pepys's Diary in eighteen volumes, at prices ranging from about \$50 in buckram binding to I don't know how much in "crushed levant." He unblushingly asserted that it was the "only complete" edition, and was imported from abroad by his firm.

As a caution to others who may be called upon in the same way, allow me to state that the only complete copyright edition of Pepys's Diary, edited by Wheatley, is published by the Macmillan Company, in nine volumes, at \$1.50 a volume. The Macmillan Company sold 500 sets of the sheets, printed from their plates at the Norwood Press, to a subscription house for "extra illustrating," and this is the so-called "imported" edition which is being foisted off on an unsuspecting—or credulous—public in eighteen

volumes at a price anywhere from \$3 a volume up.

I fear we are threatened with another questionable thing in the "Garnett Anthology." Is it not a reissue, with very slight changes, of another "anthology"? Perhaps some of your readers can throw light on this matter.—Very truly yours,

LOUIS N. WILSON, Librarian.
CLARK UNIVERSITY, WORCESTER, MASS.,
February 12, 1901.

Notes.

The first contribution to its chosen subject by the Bibliographical Society of Chicago will be a list, filling fifty pages, of "Bibliographies of Bibliographies," chronologically arranged with occasional notes and an index by Aksel G. S. Josephson, cataloguer at the John Crerar Library. Three hundred of the 500 copies printed will be put on sale at fifty cents each, and may be ordered of Carl B. Roden, Chicago Public Library.

In connection with Chatto & Windus, London, the A. Wessels Company will publish, early in March, "Robert Louis Stevenson: A Life Study in Criticism," by Mr. H. B. Baildon, an old schoolmate of Stevenson, at present lecturer on English literature in the University of Vienna.

In preparation at the Clarendon Press are "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," by the Right Hon. James Bryce; "The Relations of History and Geography," by H. B. George; "An Antiquarian Companion to English History," by F. P. Barnard; the seventh and eighth volumes of the late Thorold Rogers's "History of Agriculture and Prices"; "British Colonies and Protectorates," by the late Sir Henry Jenkyns; "Legislative Methods and Forms," by Sir C. P. Ibbet; and "The Civil and Criminal Procedure of Cicero's Time," by A. H. J. Greenidge.

The revival of the story of the mutiny on the ship *Bounty* has just been followed by that of William Lay and Cyrus M. Hussey's "Narrative of the Mutiny on board the Ship *Globe*, of Nantucket, in the Pacific Ocean, January, 1824, and the Journal of a Residence of Two Years on the Malgrave Islands" (New York: The Abbey Press). The title-page, dedication, and copyright entry are reproduced in facsimile from the original edition of 1828 (New London). The tragic side of this mutiny surpasses in horror that of the *Bounty*, but in other respects the interest of the later event is much inferior to that of the earlier, and the account evinces little literary skill. The volume is a small one.

One of the most daring and enterprising of modern military movements has its record, for the benefit of professional soldiers, in the volume entitled "Operations of Gen. Gurko's Advance Guard in 1877," by Col. Epauchin of the Russian staff; the seventh in the Wolseley series of notable war memoirs of which Capt. Walter H. James is the editor, and Charles Scribner's Sons the American agents. The late Gen. Gurko was one of the ablest of recent Russian soldiers, and in the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877 was given command of a moderate-sized mixed force of the three arms, with which to push ahead of the main army into Bulgaria, over the very difficult Balkan Mountains, so as to turn and hold the best pass-

es of that range. His audacity in acting at a distance of a hundred miles from his base, the River Danube, had the effect of throwing the Turkish authorities at Constantinople into a panic, and dispersing the garrison of the vital Shipka Pass, whose control by Gurko opened the way, the next winter, for the victorious advance of the Russian army after the fall of Plevna. Northern Bulgaria is an exceedingly troublesome field of warfare, as it is reached from the north by only a few defiles, of which but two or three have practicable roads. The Russian raider carried his trains most successfully over precipices and across ravines whose passage by an army recalls, by favorable comparison, the more famous feats of Napoleon and Wellington. The artillery was let down from one crag to another by hand, and the entrance into the slightly less elevated lower country did not give much respite from exhausting labors by night and day; the impracticabilities of the roads being aggravated by tropical heat and scarcity of drinking water. Yet, guided by friendly natives, Gurko kept the Turkish troops in constant alarm, and beat them often until their superior numbers compelled him to fall back with but moderate losses.

We have already noticed volume i. of Dr. W. H. Alchin's "Manual of Medicine" (Macmillan), one of the shorter, more concise treatises on general medicine, such as are very useful to the busy physician, and certainly one of excellent quality. It has, indeed, the defects common to all composite works, but as a rule the chapters are indicative of care and skill, and most of them are characterized (considering that they are not of great length) by an unusually thorough and practical utilization of the scientific information with regard to the various diseases as a basis of the clinical statements. Volume ii. treats of the diseases caused by parasites, the diseases determined by poisons, and the great group of general disorders of nutrition, including the diseases of the blood. There are twenty-one illustrations and two plates. The articles have been prepared by thirteen contributors.

Dr. H. J. Curtis, author of "The Essentials of Practical Bacteriology" (Longmans, Green & Co.), has obviously had a training, both as student and as laboratory director, which amply qualifies him for the task he has undertaken. The subject is treated in too technical a manner to interest most non-professional readers, but the book is thoroughly well adapted for its stated purpose, and calls for none but favorable comment. The illustrations and general make-up are good, the price moderate, and the matter highly interesting.

The "Transactions of the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons" at its fifth triennial session held at Washington, D. C., May 1 and 2, 1900, published by the Congress, forms a volume not less rich than its predecessors. It contains seven papers, which, taken as a whole, present some of the most practical aspects of the subject of bacteriology in relation to medicine and health. This discussion represents what might be called the public work of the Congress sitting as a whole. The volume concludes with a thoughtful address on "The Sociological Status of the Physician," by Dr. Clarence J. Blake, a poem by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and an address by the President, Dr. Henry P. Bowditch, on "The Medi-

cal School of the Future." The subjects are all of public interest, and are treated in such a way as to make the reading of the book absorbingly interesting to every man of scientific bent, even though he cannot claim the right to set the initials of a scientific title after his name. If it is true that few people reach adult life without being doctors after a fashion, it is equally true that few should reach it without sufficient scientific training to enable them to appreciate what is being done for public hygiene by such men as these and the scientific communities which they represent.

We have not space to review now Captain F. Randolph's "The Law and Policy of Annexation" (Longmans), of which we have received the advance sheets. It is safe, however, to say that it is a work which deserves and will receive general attention. It is written with special reference to the Philippines, and contains a separate chapter on the status of Cuba. Mr. Randolph has closely examined not merely the legal, but the political, moral, and commercial questions raised by the acquisition of the Philippines, and his conclusions cover the whole ground. They are (1) that constitutionally the Philippines are "not only within the United States in a general sense," but they are "not distinguished organically from the rest of our territory"; (2) that the Constitution applies to the Philippines; (3) that the courts are bound to see that life, liberty, and property are constitutionally protected there; (4) that the Executive cannot legislate for the Philippines, this being a matter for Congress; (5) that we can withdraw from the Philippines; (6) that we should do so. An appendix contains the Treaty of Paris and other documents bearing on the matters considered.

"Registering Title to Land" (Chicago: Callaghan & Co.) is a small treatise of 106 pages on the Torrens system, by Jacques Dumas, "procureur de la République at Kethel." It embodies M. Dumas's Storrs lectures at Yale on this subject in 1899-1900, and is interesting as showing that the merits of that system of land-title registration are attracting notice even beyond the limits of English-speaking countries. The book contains an outline of the existing system of registration in several countries; but the author apparently falls into one error which deserves attention because it is a very common one, and an obstacle in the way of the introduction of the reform. He says that "compulsion" is an essential feature of registration of title, and this, although on p. 33 he remarks that, under the original Torrens act, compulsion "applies only to land granted by the crown since the system was established." As a matter of fact, one great recommendation of the Torrens system is that it spreads only by the voluntary act of the owner of the land. He originally brings his property under the operation of the act, or not, as he pleases. There is nothing to induce him to do so except the inherent superiority of the new system over the old one.

"The Organization and Management of a Business Corporation," by Thomas Conyngton (New York: The Ronald Press), is a convenient handbook, arranged with special reference to the laws of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and West Virginia.

A very miscellaneous compendium is "Fleurs des Poètes et des Prosauteurs Français" ("Daily Thoughts from French

Authors"), prepared by Jeanne and Marguerite Bouvet (New York: William R. Jenkins). At the very beginning and end the calendar which determines the arrangement is borne in mind, and occasionally elsewhere; but on the whole the extracts are attached without pertinence to the daily date. Brunetière, Rod, Faguet, Rostand, Bourget, are some of the authors of the hour drawn upon for this anthology.

In his "Neu-Guinea und der Bismarck-Archipel" (Berlin), Blum gives the German public and the world at large some insight into the political and economic conditions of these colonies of the Far East. Knowledge of such conditions has hitherto been the property of a small circle of interested parties, chiefly capitalists of the New Guinea Company. From Blum's treatise it appears that such great monopolies of exploitation, while they do not interpose the same difficulties as did their predecessors several centuries ago, are much less effective in developing virgin lands and in civilizing backward peoples. The New Guinea Company held an almost complete control of its field from 1885 to 1899, when the Imperial Government had to step in; its handling the tropical labor problem was decidedly unsatisfactory, and it failed to provide such indispensable advantages for a young colony as adequate transportation facilities. A vacillating policy, unduly controlled from Berlin, hampered the efforts of its best functionaries. Of these the late Von Hagen is extolled as the highest type. Comparisons are made with England's effective policy in the same island, under Sir W. MacGregor. The work of the various missions has been faithful, and in a measure successful, but there is little prospect of Christianizing the natives for many decades to come; they are both lazy and stupid. Industrial enterprises receive considerable detailed attention, as does the question of native and coolie labor; it looks as if the universally useful Chinese were to sustain their reputation here as elsewhere. Chapters on geographical and other scientific investigations in New Guinea close the volume, which is made more serviceable by the addition of a good bibliography.

A floating Exposition is advocated by the Hon. O. P. Austin, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for February, in the interests of our foreign commerce. It should consist of a small fleet of vessels filled with American goods and manned by a corps of experts. The route for a two years' voyage, in which the principal ports of the world would be visited, is suggested on an accompanying map. Some information might well have been given as to the success of a similar floating exposition planned by Austrian and Hungarian manufacturers in 1898. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, President of the Imperial University of China, assigns as the principal causes of the present crisis in that country political jealousy, religious antipathy, and "last, but not least, industrial competition." Some comparisons between the Chinese and Japanese are made by Com. H. Webster, as to their respective conservatism and progressiveness. With histories equally ancient, though Japan can boast that she has been ruled by one dynasty for twenty-five centuries, while China has had more than seven during that time, there are yet no architectural monuments of the past in Japan like the splendid bridges, gateways, and roads which constantly remind the traveller in China of a long-departed glory. The

numerous charitable organizations of the Chinese, on the other hand, are contrasted with the comparative indifference of the Japanese to their poor; but the consideration with which woman is treated in Japan is unknown in China. The Japanese are intensely patriotic, and from the earliest times have been a fighting people. "In the eyes of the Chinaman, the soldier is a man defiled by blood," and is placed lowest in the social scale.

The valley of the Saône is the principal subject of the *Annales de Géographie* for January. A detailed description of the contour and natural divisions of its upper part is followed by a study of its hydrologic conditions with several tables, charts, and a map. There is also an examination of a theory as to the ancient course of the upper Moselle. A statement of Ritter's and Peschel's views as to what constitutes comparative geography, is followed by the advocacy of a new starting-point for seeking homologous conditions—the atmosphere and the hydrosphere. Among the minor contents is a description, with a map, of the new boundary between French Guiana and Brazil, as determined by the Federal Council of Switzerland, to whom the dispute was submitted for arbitration. The Brazilian interpretation of the terms of the treaty of 1713 is substantially sustained. A warning note is sounded in regard to the impending exhaustion of the wood used for industrial purposes if the present rate of consumption continues. Tables are given showing the forest areas of the principal countries, together with their annual importations and exportations. Great Britain, for instance, imports wood to the value of a little over \$100,000,000, while the largest exporters are Sweden and Austria-Hungary. Attention is called to the probability that the tropical forests will not be found to be as rich in commercial woods as has been confidently expected.

A new Paris fashion monthly, *Les Modes*, reaches us through Manzi, Joyant & Co., No. 170 Fifth Avenue, as an illustrated "review of the arts applied to woman," with French text and numerous excellent plates (some colored) of reigning beauties and costumed models, examples of female portraiture (Boldini), specimens of fine jewelry, of modern furniture, etc. Society events form part of the chronicle.

The publisher of the Munich *Kunstwart* has recently begun issuing a series of "Meisterbilder," or reproductions of works of famous masters, which is noteworthy on account of its combined excellence and cheapness. Rembrandt's great etching "Christ Healing the Sick," three woodcuts by Albert Dürer, and two by Alfred Rethe ("Death as Friend" and "Death as Destroyer"), form the first six numbers. The leaves are of the uniform size of 14½ by 10½ inches, leaving a rather narrow margin for the plates. They are sold separately, in paper folders, with explanatory text by Ferdinand Avenarius, at twenty-five pfennigs, or about six cents. While the evident aim of the publication is to foster a love for good art among the masses, the plates are of sufficient merit to satisfy a more refined taste as well.

Hugo Helbing's *Monatsberichte* (Munich) for December contains, among other interesting reading-matter, an article (in French) on the radical changes made last year in the arrangement of the pictures in

the Louvre, as already described in our columns by a correspondent. Of the seven plates in the number we mention a remarkably good reproduction of Van Dyck's painting of Saint Francis of Assisi, and one of Teniers's "Temptation of Saint Anthony," both from the private collection of Professor Frantz of Breslau, the well-known author of the "History of Christian Painting." This valuable collection is to be sold at auction some time in March. The *Folia Helbingiana* contains half-a-dozen illustrations of fine porcelain groups of Meissen and Vienna manufacture.

The *Korea Review* is the successor of the *Korean Repository*, which became defunct in 1897, after five very valuable volumes had been issued. Press of other duties compelled the editors to relinquish the work, but undoubtedly one of the elements contributing to its downfall was its not altogether felicitous handling of Korean politics. The *Korea Review* will have for its editor and manager Prof. Homer B. Hulbert, who will publish serially in its columns his history of Korea, on which he has been busy for years. Besides the monthly calendar of current events, there will be news of interest to foreigners, but affairs of political significance will be recorded without comment. One very attractive feature will be the attempt to answer all questions relative to Korea. The contributions of specialists will doubtless be, as in the *Repository*, of unique value. The first number is dated January 30. The subscription is two dollars a year, and a check or draft on any reputable bank will be received.

Ex-President Cleveland is chairman of a committee which is endeavoring to raise a fund of \$100,000, to found at Washington and Lee University a chair of economics. Before the lamented President of that institution, the late William L. Wilson, assumed his office, no such chair existed in any Southern university. He accordingly established and largely supported out of his meagre salary one which it is now sought to endow and to distinguish with his name and in his memory. Upwards of \$15,000 has been already subscribed. Mr. Herbert Welsh, No. 1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia, is secretary and treasurer of the fund.

In noticing the new issue of the International Webster's Dictionary, with its very extensive new Supplement, we greatly regret our erroneous assertion that not all the new chemical elements were contained in that work. This, to the discredit of our painstaking, is not so. Every one is there, down to xenon and victorium, and even the more than doubtful etherion, the discovery of which would have been so important had it only been true. We are indebted to the publishers for a very courteous letter exposing our mistake.

The volume just issued by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin is the fifteenth in the series of its Collections, which began in 1846. It is surprising that so much original material can still be discovered illustrative of the region before it was thought of as a State. This last issue of five hundred pages is mainly concerned with the pre-Territorial stage of Wisconsin. Colonization there was peculiar, perhaps unique. The first colonists were not whites but Indians, removed thither by the United States, and planted on lands which it was believed would be uncoveted by whites or

beyond their reach. Six hundred of the natives were transported from New York alone, and well-nigh two hundred pages of the work before us relate to this colony during a quarter of a century. The reports from missionaries to a Scotland society which did much for their support are models, and show wise and tireless endeavors to civilize and Christianize the colonists, which would largely have succeeded had their wards been really beyond whites and whiskey. The report of an Indian agent in 1831 to the Secretary of War, now first printed, in answer to questions concerning "the quality and condition of the Territory," shows that this colonization policy was supposed to be not yet abandoned, while demonstrating that its failure was inevitable. The sixty pages by a woman in part descended from an Indian chief, and born at Mackinac, who in 1824 became the bride of the first lawyer resident in Wisconsin, set forth the ways of wilderness life, and the growth of Green Bay, the oldest town, with a winning archness no masculine pen could have equalled.

—The title of another article, "A Methodist Circuit-Rider's Horseback Tour from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin, 1835," is a ludicrous misnomer. The truth is, that the rider started from Meadville in his wagon drawn by two horses, drove them or others for which he swapped them when he needed fresh ones, throughout Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, till, after forty days on the road, and within ten miles of Wisconsin, he writes, "I got my waggon into a barn and my harness into a loft to winter." This rider's notes by the way are as instructive as those of Dr. Dwight, which New Englanders now make so much of. He was the first of his order to enter the country north of the Wisconsin River. There are several minor articles, none without value, but the fifty pages comprising "the diary of one of the original colonists of New Glarus in 1845" is the supreme jewel of the collection. It confirms the dictum (of Dr. Johnson) that half a word fixed on the spot is worth a cartload of recollections. The writer, a tinker or tinner, made a journey which often recalls the pilgrimage Bunyan describes. The emigrants, 200 strong at the start, went down the Rhine, then by sail to Baltimore, by canal to Pittsburgh, thence to St. Louis, and, after a deathful delay, to Galena by steamer. Whatever befell during a hundred and twenty days is jotted down—in pencil, by the bye, and hence more durably as well as more fluently than if by pen—with an unconscious pathos which enables one to read between the lines and visualize everything. If small things may be compared to great, its plain tale should be called another *Mayflower* log. It portrays many analogous adventures. It is even superior to Bradford's "Plymouth Plantation" because it was a veritable journal day by day of what each day brought forth, while Bradford says, "I first began these scribed writings about y' year 1630," ten years after the great voyage. The Swiss manuscript, or a copy of it, at once went home with tidings to Canton Glarus, but the original is now on deposit in the Wisconsin Society's fireproof Library, and the translation now published was written by one who came as a small boy among the first-comers from Glarus.

—James Russell Lowell is reported to

have said, in substance, that his admiration of Dante lured him into the little learning he possessed. We are not disposed to take this remark, or its implication, any too literally; but if the statement (omitting the modest adjective) had been strictly true, Lowell might still have been the master of an extraordinary erudition. The extent, variety, and diffusion of literature about Dante has probably never been so well exhibited as in the catalogue of the Cornell Dante collection, now completed by Mr. Theodore W. Koch. The first part was published in 1898, and contained a list of "Works by Dante," complete texts, selections, and translations in some thirty-five languages and dialects. The second part, which concludes the work, contains a list of "Works on Dante," with a supplement of titles recently added to the library, elaborate indexes, and an appendix on iconography. An introduction, giving some account of the history of the collection, is contributed by Mr. Willard Fiske, who presented the books to Cornell. The catalogue numbers about seven thousand titles, representing what is probably the largest special Dante library in the world. Some of the earliest and rarest editions of the poet, as might be expected, it has not been possible to obtain; but in all other departments the collection is remarkably complete, in spite of the fact that Mr. Fiske did not seriously begin his search for books on Dante until 1893. Mr. Koch deserves the most grateful recognition for his work upon the catalogue. This is not simply because he has brought together more titles than any other bibliographer of Dante; the credit for this belongs to Mr. Fiske, who collected the books. Mr. Koch should be praised rather for the enthusiasm and scholarly competence with which he has done his work. He set out from the first to make the catalogue something more than a finding-list to aid in the use of the library. He constantly supplied critical notes indicating the value of the various texts and treatises, or giving references to places where they had been reviewed and discussed. Then he drew up careful indexes of the subjects treated, and even of the passages in Dante's works which are commented upon in scattered articles of the collection. Finally, he spared no pains in his proof-reading, and attained a degree of correctness unusual in works of the sort. The result of these labors is the best Dante bibliography in existence, a book of the utmost value to many scholars who will never see the Cornell library.

—It is a satisfaction to note that the most important contributions to the bibliography of Dante have been made by two American scholars—Mr. William C. Lane, now University Librarian at Harvard, and Mr. Koch. Mr. Lane's catalogue of the Harvard Dante collection was published in 1890, and became immediately one of the chief books of reference on the subject. Mr. Fiske testifies that it was his most valuable guide in buying books for Cornell. Lists of accessions to the Harvard Library have been regularly printed in the reports of the Cambridge Dante Society, contributed chiefly by Mr. Lane. In the fifteenth report of the same society Mr. Koch published a paper on "Dante in America," with a careful list of works relating to the poet which had been written or published in this country. In the eighteenth re-

port, now in press, he has a list of Danteana in American libraries, supplementing the Cornell collection, and he promises to prepare for later publication an additional list of Danteana to be gleaned from European libraries. By their combined labors, then, these gentlemen will have made a very complete survey of the field of Dante literature, and will have placed the scholars of America and Europe alike under great obligations.

—The institute for higher Government officials in session at Göttingen last month was an interesting innovation in German educational methods. For some time it has been felt that the rapid growth of Germany as a political and commercial world-power demanded a specially trained body of officials, and various attempts are being made to provide education which will help supply this demand. Several academies have already been opened or are projected for the purpose of training young men to fill administrative positions either in Government service or in commercial corporations. Göttingen is, however, the first university to take a hand in the movement. Its purpose—acting under the leadership of Prof. Gustav Cohn—is to provide advanced courses for officials already in the civil service, whose riper years and practical experience fit them for work which could not well be taken by mere beginners. In accordance with this general plan, special lectures were announced to run for ten days from January 8 to January 17. The Government co-operated to the extent of granting leaves of absence to officials who might wish to attend. Twelve members of the University faculties constituted the body of lecturers; the number of hours given by each lecturer varying from two to six. The general scope of the instruction was limited, as stated in the announcement, to "the political and allied sciences."

—Three groups may be made of the lectures given. The first dealt with economic subjects, and was headed by Professor Lexis, who treated of "Some Principles of National Economy." Professor Cohn supplemented these with lectures on taxation, and Professor von Seelhorst's course on "Agriculture" dealt with economics rather than technology. A second group embraced courses dealing with law and administration. The venerable Professor Planck should be first named here. His lectures on "Some Problems of the Civil Law" explained such features of the new civil code as would be of most interest and importance to officials. "Although," writes a correspondent, "his sightless eyes necessitated his being led to and from the rostrum by a *famulus*, it was evident to his hearers that he needed no guide in his subject, and that his inward vision was still undimmed." Other courses were given by Professor Schoen on "Administrative Courts," and by Professor Lehmann on the "Legislation of Stein and Hardenberg." Important also were the lectures given by Prof. Hermann Wagner, who, though a geographer, found a subject pertinent to both economics and administrative law in "The German Colonies." The third group consisted of certain technical subjects likely to interest administrative officers, the most important being "Selected Chapters on Hygiene," expounded by the great sanitary authority, Von Esmarch, while other courses regarded

various phases of electrical, mechanical, and chemical technology. These, with addition of the inevitable course on Goethe, read by Professor Roethe, completed the programme for the ten-day session. The attendance was perhaps a trifle disappointing, in view of the fact that no tuition fee was exacted. About fifty persons registered, of whom half were Government officials, the remainder being members of the seminar, or other students at the University; but those most interested in the enterprise professed satisfaction with the results.

—Mr. R. Townsend Warner's 'Winchester' (Macmillan) is quite one of the best written in the series of "Hand-books to the Great Public Schools," and this is the more noticeable if, as we suppose, its author is still "in statu pupillari" at Oxford. It may be because Mr. Warner has so recently left Winchester himself that he has the courage to express the modest hope in his preface that "present Wykehamists may consider this book suitable for parents." To a Wykehamist, it seems (p. 187), parents are not even his "people"; they are only part of his "pitch-up"! Winchester is the mother of all the "public schools" of England, and, as Mr. Warner shows, she abides by the practice of a life in common more persistently than the younger foundations. The boarding-houses attached to the school are, accordingly, more like "the college," and less like private dwellings in their arrangements for sleep and study than the "houses" elsewhere. Winchester, again, has resisted the temptation to enlarge itself over much; and the seventy "scholars" are still one-sixth of the whole number of pupils. A "scholar" pays only £21 a year, and his scholarship is therefore worth very nearly £100 annually (p. 101). When it is explained that the scholars are selected by open competition among some ten times as many candidates, it is readily understood how it is that the scholars do so much to maintain the intellectual standards of the school. The book is adorned by forty-six pictures, many of them very pretty; and, if for this reason only, it may be commended to the notice of American headmasters and trustees who are trying to introduce beauty into school life in this country.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. By Alexander V. G. Allen, Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. With Portraits and Illustrations. Two volumes. E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. xiii, 650, 956.

This long-expected book affords a satisfactory explanation of the deferring of our hope from year to year. The materials were so abundant, the treatment is so full, and the signs of careful preparation are so evident at every stage, that the strange thing is that five years have proved sufficient to complete the work, which all the way has been an avocation from the habitual and exacting duties of a theological chair. For the two years intervening between the death of Phillips Brooks and Professor Allen's assumption of the work in 1895, the Rev. Arthur Brooks was engaged upon it. What it would have been if he had completed it, we have no basis of surmise. Certainly, something very different from the work as now presented, for it was nearly finished

when its progress was interrupted by the writer's death, and not only has Professor Allen made the form entirely his own, but his first business was variously to enlarge the scope of his original sources. It is mainly because these have been so freely used in the way of direct quotation that the book reaches the bulk of 1,619 pages. A more heroic temper might have reduced these a third or more, but only at the expense of things which, knowing them, we should not like to spare. The second volume is uncomfortably large, and a three-volume form would have been better.

The attention given to the ancestral tree is rewarded by more fruit than generally falls to the biographer devoting himself to arboriculture in this particular form. Through both his parents Brooks was well allied. The Phillips family was notable for the heretical tendencies of some of its earlier representatives in Massachusetts and the extreme orthodoxy of the later. It was a great day for Phillips Brooks when Samuel Phillips of North Andover married Phoebe Foxcroft of Cambridge. These were his great-grandparents. From her he inherited his stature and his wonderful eyes. The husband was Judge Phillips, founder of Phillips Andover Academy. Phillips Brooks was under bonds to him and the uncle who founded Phillips Exeter Academy to show that interest in education which was one of his most characteristic traits. His connection with Wendell Phillips was through an earlier generation. Mrs. Edward Everett, Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, Mrs. N. L. Frothingham (mother of O. B. Frothingham), were his father's cousins. The father was a less distinguished merchant than his uncle, Peter C. Brooks, but less Philistine also than that worthy, who disliked Channing and Parker as about equally dangerous characters, while still he was a Unitarian after the strictest manner of the sect. So was Phillip Brooks's father at first, but his mother's Andover birth and training made her heart yearn for a more evangelical presentation of religion than that of Dr. N. L. Frothingham, Mr. Brooks's cousin, of the First Church in Boston. Brooks's Unitarian baptism was one of the sorrows of his critics when he was elevated to the bishopric. "Had water been used [if not, what?] and in the Triune name?" A new "hypothetical baptism" was suggested, and declined by the Bishop-elect with ill-concealed disgust. The religious differences of the parents were adjusted by a compromise which took them to the Episcopal Church when Phillips Brooks was about four years old. Both father and mother contribute interesting features to their son's continuous development—the father timidly conservative, and often anxious lest Phillips should be too radical in his politics; the mother intensely evangelical, and fearful lest he should fall short of the glory of her Andover forbears. Her piety was so effusive that it tended to check the genial current of young Brooks's soul when he was a student in Virginia, and for a time she got few answers to her letters. The most interesting, if not the most characteristic, of these is one denouncing the awful heresies of Bushnell.

His five years in the Latin School were singularly unprophetic of the coming man, even to his lack of interest in boyish games. The college chapter is extremely interesting as showing how much less Harvard had to give then (1851-1855) than now, and how

much more Brooks got out of it than many do from the more elaborate machinery. He liked the classics and hated mathematics, but it was his voluntary reading that made these years effectual. His writing was far less remarkable, while he despised elocution and gave no promise of oratorical ability. Then, as later, his delivery was extremely rapid, and not deliberately so to correct a stammering habit, as one of many myths has told. Much of his reading was away from beaten tracks. Emerson influenced him little; Carlyle much more, especially his 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' a prophetic intimation, while the defect of his quality is shown in his ultimate "contempt for 'Sartor Resartus' as a hollow and superficial cry." 'In Memoriam,' on the contrary, was one of his earliest delights—and one that never failed. Professor Allen finds in Brooks's college life some skeptical reactions from his mother's piety. But while these were not pronounced, it is certain that he showed no inclination to her evangelical fervor, and none to the profession which in the event he so amply justified and so splendidly adorned.

A painful episode, soon following his graduation, was his failure in the post of usher in the Boston Latin School. Professor Allen dwells on this so long that his elaboration would be excessive were it not that his failure meant so much to Brooks. It was so complete that the head-master, the redoubtable Francis Gardner, assured him that he would never succeed in anything. At the height of his fame, Gardner went to hear him preach, and took a sweet revenge on his success: he found nothing to praise in the sermon, but he criticised a point of grammar. The failure as a teacher was what hurt most, for the desire to be a teacher was in the young man's blood and bones. It remained there well nigh to the end. Hence his readiness to exchange his brilliant pulpit honors in Philadelphia for a professorship in a new theological school, and later his leaning to a professorship in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., and to that vacated by the death of Dr. A. P. Peabody in Harvard College. Professor Allen regards his distaste for Boston during his early ministry as a survival of the chagrin of his Latin School experience, and his ultimate return to the city of his birth as showing something of the disposition of Achilles: "You shall know the difference now that I am back again." But in its first effects his failure stung him into brooding solitude and secret self-expression, the records of which are most remarkable. If they are not prophetic of the full-grown man, it is because they promise an intellectual greatness to which he did not attain. He went for advice to Dr. Walker, then President of Harvard, and President Eliot remembers his blanched and hard-drawn face as he came out from the interview. Dr. Walker had advised him to be a minister, and he had no drawing that way. He had thought of it as an unmanly profession, a surrender of the rich and teeming world. To the last a certain jealousy for his manhood as endangered by the insidious influence of his profession haunted him, and a jealousy of the Church as something smaller than the world, and even of religion as something smaller than humanity. Even when he went to Alexandria, Va., to study theology, it was with no fixed resolve to enter the ministry. The steps by which he came to this are so obscure that Professor Allen's care-

ful scrutiny has not availed to make them plain.

Professor Allen does not much exaggerate, if any, when he says, "Out of all the years of his life, the second year at Alexandria stands forth supreme. . . . The stamp of maturity and finality is on his work. He had come to full possession of himself in the greatness of his power." The last sentence may well give us pause, seeing that there was not yet on the horizon a cloud as big as a man's hand portending the great preacher, the master of the spoken word. But he never again had such opportunity for study, nor so drenched himself in a flood of books. Even more remarkable than his reading was the private expression of his growing thought, which had at this time a universality it did not have further on. It was singularly untheological, remarkably independent of those special doctrines which afterwards became the somewhat arbitrary vehicles of what he had for them to carry. Few, indeed, in the second year of his theological studies were the signs of the coming clergyman. The next year there were more of them.

At this time he was as efficient as the hibernating bear in the hoarding up of substance meant for future use. Of some score of texts and subjects on his list in 1859 he economized every one in his subsequent ministry. It was largely so with metaphors and similes, for which he always had the sharpest scent, jotting down other men's and hundreds of his own. Those who imagine that Phillips Brooks's method was that of an easy-going spontaneity will be completely disabused. To the apparent, and in some measure real, spontaneity there was a background of painstaking effort, of almost mechanical preparation. The great Boston sermons pre-existed in elaborate sketches, so many pages being assigned to one section after another. Moreover, he enriched his vocabulary by memorizing hundreds of hymns, and, during his theological course, his powers of expression by writing a poem every day. Many of these poems indicate that had he confined himself to verse he would have done well, though not so well as in his proper field.

His first settlement was sufficiently modest, but it was soon discovered that he had no ordinary gifts, and the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia was kept in continual anxiety lest it should lose the treasure it had found. Many temptations were resisted, but he succumbed to that of Holy Trinity in the same city when pressed a second time. His rectorship of this church from 1862 to 1869 was signalized by events and qualities that tempt one to regard it as the most honorable stage of his entire career. It coincided with the years of the great war and the miseries of the reconstruction period, and found him entirely equal to the exigencies of those stirring times. In his Boston year, after leaving Harvard, there is hardly a sign of interest in the anti-slavery conflict, then so sharp with incidents of outrage in Kansas and in Washington, where Sumner was feloniously assailed. Parker's tremendous anti-slavery preaching passed over him like a summer cloud without his special wonder; its thunder and lightning startled him into no faintest apprehension of the magnitude of the issues then at stake. Going to Virginia, he was pleasantly impressed by the Virginians, and with disgust and horror by their indus-

trial conditions. When it was proposed to prevent the students from preaching to colored people, he took a manly part in the protest against such action. Strangely enough, however, the signs of his moral indignation grow less poignant as he becomes better acquainted with the local situation, not because this was getting less detestable to him, but because his absorption in his reading and meditation was so complete. It was the war that awakened him, as it did many others, to the enormity of slavery and pro-slavery politics and their danger to the republic. Henceforth, his warning trumpet gave no uncertain sound. Among Episcopal churches, his stood out, if not quite alone, with unique splendor. "The Episcopal Church during the war," says Professor Allen, "as for some years preceding, had become a house of refuge for those who disliked political preaching." At the General Convention in 1862, a bishop, preaching the opening sermon, declared that any mention of the war in the Convention would be "high treason against God." Nevertheless, the treason was risked to the extent of certain colorless resolutions on which Brooks commented: "It wasn't very interesting to see those old gentlemen putting their heads together to make some resolutions that would please the Union people and not hurt the feelings of the dear rebels." He wrote: "The shilly-shallying was disgraceful," but he was grateful for the slight concession made to loyalty. None was, however, made to liberty, and he took good care to make the necessary amendment in his own pulpit. He hailed with enthusiasm Lincoln's preliminary proclamation of September, 1862, and the grander one of 1863. When the war was over, he entered heartily into the work of the Freedmen's Bureau, and made himself its useful servant. He pleaded eloquently for the enfranchisement of the freedmen, and denounced the exclusion of negroes from the Philadelphia cars. In all these things he was going counter to the spirit of his church and to that of his father's prudent Whiggery, though the father was almost persuaded by his Thanksgiving sermon of 1863, "The Mercies of Reoccupation." Phillips Brooks was never more magnificent than when bearing these public testimonies to the character of slavery as the nation's greatest sin, "the blackest stain upon our country, and the cause of all the ruin and bloodshed and affliction that have been visited upon our land." But he made no mistake as to the courage necessary for such speech. He knew that it would have been fatal to him in any Episcopal church before the war, and even with the war in full career, for any preacher whose success was unassured. His boldness cost him valued friends, but others came to make their places good.

These aspects of Phillips Brooks's life are the more interesting because they contrast so vividly, if not painfully, with those of his Boston ministry, which began in 1869. Here he was no longer the reformer he had been in Philadelphia, but the parish minister and the ornament and inspiration of civic and social functions of all kinds. Professor Allen makes this distinction with insistent frankness, but without regret. It is true that the anti-slavery conflict was over and no other made a similar appeal. But it is also true that henceforth Mr. Brooks, while tossing now and then a lordly sop to this or that reform, joined himself definitely to

none of those engaging public interest. And however it may be with some, others will feel the difference from his Philadelphia work as a distinct decline from a higher to a lower level. The building of Trinity Church, even with such an architect as Richardson, an architectural Brooks, touches these pages with a less potent charm than the young preacher's passionate devotion to the integrity of the Union and the emancipation and enfranchisement of the slave. The wonder will intrude what part he would have taken if his perfect prime had coincided with those stages of the anti-slavery conflict which led up to the war, and it cannot be justly doubted that such coincidence would have meant a great enhancement of his use and fame.

There were other differences between the Philadelphia and the Boston ministry, but as to the nature of them Dr. Weir Mitchell, who furnishes a delightful appreciation, and Professor Allen disagree. Dr. Mitchell thinks the Boston ministry the more intellectual; Professor Allen thinks it the less so. Quite certainly it was less fervidly rhetorical, while still, as time went on, there was more emotional engagement on the part of the preacher with his thought. There was, too, less care for the felicities of expression. A more essential difference was involved in the fact that while, in Philadelphia, he was mainly bent on freshening the evangelical doctrines with an infusion of modern thought, in the seventies he was much concerned with the agnostic and destructive tendencies so characteristic of that decade. Professor Allen is disposed to exaggerate the importance of Brooks's dealing with these tendencies, and everywhere, we cannot but think, to exaggerate his philosophical, if not his intellectual, powers. Much interested in scientific and critical reading, he did not assimilate its characteristic quality. Science yielded him many symbols and illustrations without seriously affecting the substance of his thought, which in its essential character was always imaginative and poetic. It is significant that Maurice was his favorite theologian, and that Brooks's embracing of his cloudy thought insured a progeny of vague opinions. Fortunately, he did not, with most of the new orthodox, go much to Schleiermacher or Hegel, those encouragers of theological mystification. But Lotze's doctrine of the whole man, and not the exclusive intellect, as the organon of knowledge, found him extremely sympathetic. Here was excuse for thinking with his heart when he was tired of thinking with his head. It should be said that there is much more theological clearness in his addresses to his theological club, the Clericus, and in his letters and journals, than in his sermons. This was because his ideal sermon excluded the concrete and everything that could not be expressed in terms of poetry and the imagination. Even civil-service reform he must treat as imaged forth in Hebrew politics, and so obscure it to a degree that made the sermon far less practically effective than it might otherwise have been.

The conservatism of his theological temper brings out his liberality into strong relief. This was a grief to his friends of the more churchly kind; but Phillips Brooks was not churchly. If there was one thing that he cordially disliked, in any form, it was clericalism. The clericals will be sorely displeased with many of his references, in the freedom of his correspondence, to their

works and ways. They will be shocked at the specific levity with which he treats his episcopal clothes, and the ecclesiastical minutiae to which he is expected to conform. Such violence did the habitual quiet of Trinity Church suffer when he first came to Boston that the sexton endeavored to discourage the desire to hear him by separating young men and women who came together; and "he expected me," said Brooks, "to approve the fiendish plan." Good Bishop Eastburn, who "did not wish to be saved in a crowd," betook himself to St. Paul's, where there were "seas of silence round each separate star." One of the most striking episodes of the later years was furnished by the attempt to change the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church so as to have it known as *the Church of or in America*. Brooks never struck out from the shoulder with direcer manliness than in opposition to this stupendous foolishness, and nothing except personal sorrow ever afflicted him so painfully. For a time he despaired for the church he loved so much. Had the movement succeeded, he might have gone outside the camp, whatever the reproach. Another interesting episode was furnished by the change at Harvard from compulsory to voluntary prayers. Brooks was at first strongly opposed to the change, but afterwards supported it with all his might, declaring that he would not be one of the college chaplains under the old régime. There was no inconsistency; his conservative impulse spoke first and then his careful thought. His election to the bishopric of Massachusetts is evolved by his biographer with all its impossible details of clerical imbecility endeavoring to thwart a great popular admiration and affection, transcending all sectarian boundaries. The story of his untimely death is told with a simplicity too pathetic for our praise. The final and consecutive impression is that of a man whose heart was bigger than his frame; whose enthusiasm for humanity and universal life was without stint, and whose desire and passion to enamour others with his own conception of the dignity and glory of our common lot were a consuming fire.

ROBERTSON'S ENGLISH POLITICS.

An Introduction to English Politics. By John M. Robertson. London: Grant Richards; New York: New Amsterdam Book Company. 1900. Pp. xxvii, 515.

Whether its future is as "immenso" as that of poetry, there is a well-grounded feeling that the expansion of historical interests and the development of specialization have given to history a greater claim upon the attention of thoughtful men, so that it is no longer regarded as a refuge for the intellectually destitute. The new school of historians cherish the ideal of history subjected to "that methodically analytical, distrustful, not too respectful turn of mind which is often mystically called the critical sense, but which is nothing else than an unconscious habit of criticism," to quote the words of Seignobos; an ideal, which, if realized, will destroy the present fluid condition of historical theory, and relieve us of those conventional, inadequate, and uninspiring books which have brought upon us the problem of History vs. Literature.

Such reflections are occasioned by looking into Mr. Robertson's book, which is a frank

recognition (in the preface) of the influences at work in this direction; but how far his effort will contribute to the improvement of our methods of historical study, to what an extent it will satisfy us or leave us any less doubtful of the methods of investigation employed, is an entirely different matter. Lamentably needed as is a philosophy of history, no intellectual effort has been more inevitably discredited; Montesquieu's work reviving memories of men whose efforts in this field, like his own, have been all but forgotten. In the face of all this, we have a book which shows plainly that its author has not been in the least disconcerted by the fate of those who have gone before, but indeed enters upon the field with an assurance of knowledge, the fruit of "science." After paying his respects to those who have attempted to bring some of the apparent lessons of the past political history to bear on the problems of the present, Mr. Robertson attempts to disarm criticism by the plea that he has "not written for specialists, but for the purpose of qualifying the reader in some degree for the great but little-regarded task of framing his own political and sociological opinions." Against the "vacuous species of explanation," the "simple verballist way," "the blatant patriot's sort," "the vitiating gospel of race," the discussion of sociological "theory in vacuo," and "obscureantist" generally, are his pages directed. "Only by perpetual analysis," he says, "can we hope to escape the snare of the pseudo-synthetic, the traps of rhetoric and exegetic fiction"; and what is the true synthesis? Simply that "axiom alike of inorganic physics and of biology, and a commonplace of human science— . . . the simple principle that all energy divides ostensibly into forces of attraction and repulsion"; and, finally, "the general law is that the forces of attraction and repulsion, as exhibited in human thought or feeling, run during the earlier stages of growth in channels which may be broadly regarded as animal; and that when altered political and social conditions partly or wholly close these channels, the biological forces open for themselves new ones." Materialists may steal a horse, while idealists may not look over the hedge. Mr. Robertson, with his physical analogies, expects to avoid the criticism he directs at others, and fails to see that he is as guilty as they in sacrificing history to symbolic notation. Irrespective of the crudely unscientific character of the "axiom," the proof that the social series is analogous to the physical series is lacking, and the author, with those he savagely criticises, must be content to lie under the imputation of resorting to "the vacuous species of explanation." As Brooks Adams with his "solar-energy" theory, so is this writer under the spell of an analogy which proves the tightening grasp of law as seen in the narrow stream of European civilization running through Greece and Rome to France and Germany.

In spite of a profession of objectivity, there is a wearisome, persistent identification of the Church with fraud, imposture, and sinister self-seeking, showing how polemical irritation can twist an acute intelligence into declaring that the Church was really the least valuable of the old institutions, "inasmuch as it wrought always more for the hindrance of progress and the sundering of communities than for advance and unification." This spirit is scarcely justifi-

able, in view of statements, made elsewhere, to the effect that, in the break-up of the old civilization, the Church gave to men of taste and culture both shelter and support, and "offered a field of ostensibly free intellectual activity, and so was for a time highly productive" (p. 168). Were Guizot and Taine, with all their polemical zeal, any more "vacuous" than Robertson, when he says that this "phenomenon was, of course, simply one of the passage of energy by the line of least resistance"?

Such work only contributes to the discredit of social studies. Though the appeal is made through sociology, the only result is the weakening of that study by the failure to recognize that physics is solely a conceptual description; and the salvation lies in discarding the entire group of crude analogies derived from biology and physics. The methods of the social sciences must be determined from their own problems, and their laws must be proved from their own evidence, before any analogy from physical science can have any weight. Mr. Robertson's failure lies in his inability to realize that analogies are useless in unexplored regions, and that a rehabilitated metaphysical category will not do for the corner-stone of a science.

Though his criticism of the older writers is often shrewd, if not new, there is the most unfortunate ignoring of the elementary conditions of historical study. To search history, ancient or mediæval (of which Mr. Robertson shows the conventional ignorance), with a controversial object, destroys the mental conditions which are necessary in order that the past may mirror itself on the mind in true outline and proportion. For instance, there is a criticism (p. 7) of Mr. Bryce for an exhibition of "medieval science," because he says that "Rome had sacrificed domestic freedom that she might be the mistress of others." Continuing his unfavorable comments, Mr. Robertson says: "The 'she' of this passage I take to be as purely an imaginary entity as Phlogiston; and it is not easy to see how a method of explanation which in physical science is found, not so much barren as noxious, can give any edification in the study of history"; while in his very next chapter he forgets all of this attack on "doctrinaire extravagance," and falls himself to "cooking an intricate moral problem," illustrating his own inability to forget the old methods or realize the nullity of formulas. Until the study of transitional periods takes the place of the "critical epoch," we may confidently look for that fall-of-Rome state of mind into which our sociologist-historian is sure to glide when he investigates history with that climax of descriptive vagueness, the "consciousness of kind" theory, as his means of attaining true synthesis.

Inadequate as may be the present methods of treating politics, they represent more devotion to the spirit of science than do Mr. Robertson's five hundred pages. While he has classified and developed contradictions, his attempt at historic pyrrhonism has shown nothing but his reading, while those interested in his book may be left to discover for themselves whether he is but an addition to that list of later writers of whom he says: "They investigate many details, but reason feebly or timidly on general principles." We may be allowed to hope that, before the appearance of the

companion volume, the injustice done Douglas Galton in holding him responsible for the "crude view" underlying the argument in 'Hereditary Genius,' will be repaired; and that the intellectual congeniality between Giddings and Lester Ward may be realized as more apparent than real.

THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

Pictures and Problems from London Police Courts. By Thomas Holmes. London: Edward Arnold. 1900.

The Powers that Prey. By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1900.

Notes of an Itinerant Policeman. By Josiah Flynt. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1900.

Mr. Thomas Holmes has held for many years the position of "Police Court Missionary" in London, an office which might well be recognized in every country as an essential feature of criminal jurisprudence. Occupying this position, he has been able to learn much more of the history and the character of the wretched people who appear in the police courts than is disclosed by the ordinary process of law. Such information is of course valuable for those who make a serious study of the causes of crime; but the style in which Mr. Holmes writes is rather too emotional to make his facts available for scientific purposes. In fact, his book is little more than a rambling narrative of his experiences with a certain number of degraded and unfortunate persons; pathetic, indeed, but on the whole pointless. We refer to it chiefly because it shows what progress has been made in improving the administration of the police courts of London, and because it suggests some contrasts unfavorable to our own systems.

About twelve years ago Mr. Justice Wills was the means of instituting a number of important reforms, with the result that, in Mr. Holmes's judgment, "everything that can be done for the comfort, refinement, and decency of the prisoners is now done" at all the London courts. "The moral atmosphere is vastly improved, but the physical is improved beyond knowledge." A matron attends at every court, and female prisoners not only are separated from those of the other sex, but are also classified in such a way as to prevent young girls from meeting the hardened offenders. In fact, every prisoner who desires it has a separate compartment, and the cells have walls of white glazed tiles, and are lofty, light, and well ventilated. "The tone of the police, too, is wonderfully raised, while the magistrates are not only humane, but also human, and in touch with the various agencies for the assistance of prisoners."

Such conditions can hardly be said to prevail in the great cities of this country, and there is much reason to fear that the tone of our police has been lowered rather than raised during recent years. Many of our police magistrates are inferior, both in abilities and in character, to those on the London bench. The causes of this are indicated, in a general way, by the two remaining books on our list, and are summarized in the one word, "politics." The control of the police is of great importance to the managers of our parties. They require it either to cheat, or to keep from being cheated, at elections; and they utilize it for numberless forms of negative and posi-

tive blackmail. They have systematized venality and made it a fine art. Some of them regard the criminal law as a means of obtaining revenue rather than of repressing crime. The innocent must pay to have the laws intended for their protection enforced; the guilty pay that the laws may not be enforced against them. Jugurtha's parting apostrophe to Rome might be repeated to the city of New York; and in the latter case the purchaser has actually been found.

The joint work of Messrs. Flynt and Walton may be characterized, to use one of its phrases, as "cynically and even degradingly veracious." Mr. Flynt appears to have contributed a measure of facts which Mr. Walton has embellished and expanded into sensational tales, not without literary skill. They are exciting pictures of the exploits of criminals and their prosecutors and persecutors, and are colored throughout with the assumption that rich and "respectable" men are engaged in predatory enterprises as evil and as criminal as burglary and the picking of pockets. There is truth enough in this to cause us to be uneasy for our future; for we can hardly deny that most of us are engaged so heartily in serving Mammon that we are tempted to condone the moral irregularities of our fellow-worshippers, provided they are successful.

The existence of a league between the police and the thieves is more soberly considered in Mr. Flynt's book. The proverb, Set a thief to catch a thief, has undeniably been exemplified many times in the history of the police, and it is easy to say that only those familiar with the ways and the personality of thieves are competent to detect them or to deter them. Few persons of fastidious morality would feel drawn to the occupation of thief-catcher, and such material must be utilized for the police as is available. In reply to this argument it may be urged that so long as crime is winked at and tolerated, so long will crime be a regular occupation. No doubt officers personally acquainted with the followers of this occupation can treat with them and hold them in check; but with a proper system of reformatories for the young, and with the indeterminate sentence for habitual criminals, the occupation might be practically suppressed. At present, as Mr. Flynt shows, the police in some cities tolerate the presence of dangerous criminals on condition that they prosecute their calling elsewhere. There is reason to believe that in some cases this toleration exists without such condition, and that the police actually receive a share of the spoils obtained by thieves. This system of "licensing" criminals is of course corrupting to the last degree.

Even where it does not exist, the police and the courts are often extremely inefficient. Every few days we read of the robbery of a bank in one of the central States, and the account given by Mr. Flynt of the "Lake Shore Push," or gang, explains these outrages. The Lake Shore Railroad is, or was, "worked" by a gang of desperadoes, as their exclusive property. They do not hesitate to exclude the ordinary tramp from their preserve, and murder him if he does not obey their commands. According to theory, government exists in order to prevent the depredations of such malefactors, but in practice the railroad companies need to maintain their own force of police if

they are to save their property. Had they the co-operation of the regular police and the other agencies of government, they could easily put an end to the outrageous "tramp nuisance"; but they cannot depend on such co-operation.

Mr. Flynt maintains, however, that the railroad managers could accomplish much more than they do. They could prevent tramps from riding on their freight trains, breaking into their cars, and terrorizing their train hands. On one road five is the smallest number of tramps usually carried on a freight train, and it sometimes rises to one hundred. The train men do not dare to incur the hostility of these desperadoes, and they hardly venture to go over their trains at night. While it is the duty of government to put a stop to lawlessness, its incompetency justifies the railroad managers in taking the matter into their own hands. It is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Flynt that there is one railroad police organization which effectively guards the property committed to its charge. Not only are trespassers and thieves apprehended, but the whole property is patrolled with military system. The rabble which formerly infested the railroad has departed, the stealing of freight has diminished, and the expense of the police force has been reduced. Such work ought not to be a necessary feature of railroad operation; but with our government as it is, it becomes the duty as well as the interest of railroad men to prevent their lines from being "avenues of crime," by following the example set by the Pennsylvania Company.

Pompeii: The City, Its Life and Art. By Pierre Gusman. Translated by Florence Simmonds and M. Jourdain. With 500 text illustrations and 12 coloured plates from drawings by the author. London: William Heinemann. 1900.

In 1894, 1896, and 1898 Pierre Gusman, a young French artist, spent many months in the fascinating Campanian city, and, soon becoming enamored of it, devoted himself to filling his portfolios with paintings and drawings of what he saw in Pompeii itself or in the Museum of Naples. Returning to Paris full of enthusiasm, he published in 1899 what he called, in his brief preface, a history of the Pompeians illustrated by themselves, and illustrated, we may add, with a richness which has never been exceeded in any work upon this much bewritten subject. The book was no collection of archaeological dissertations, nor did it make any profession to be such; it was the honest attempt of an earnest young man to make Pompeii live again in the light of what his own eyes had shown him and of what he had gleaned in a somewhat limited course of reading in the ordinary books. The result was what might have been expected. On the one hand, the illustrations deserved and have received high praise; on the other, the text, being made up rather of first impressions than of well-digested study, has met with much criticism, notably at the hands of the leading expert of things Pompeian, August Mau. The present volume is a well-made translation, with a few changes and some omissions, of the original French, and, having obviously been transcribed before the benefits of criticism could be had, it comprises the faults as well as the merits of the original.

The book consists of five parts. The first

presents a somewhat brief but trustworthy account of the destruction of the city and of the history of its excavation. Part second deals with the tombs, the temples, and various cults; part third, with the public buildings and recreations of the Pompeians; part fourth, with the streets, inscriptions, and industries; and part fifth, with the Graeco-Roman house. The sixth, and by far the longest part (naturally so, considering the profession of the author) treats of architecture, painting, sculpture, and *objets d'art*. The volume ends with a wretchedly meagre index, but this is the fault of the translators, not of Gusman, who gave an extremely full one.

The illustrations are, as we have indicated, the best part of the whole, and of these the full-page plates are in their turn the most satisfactory. On these twelve plates are grouped thirty-two beautifully reproduced water-colors, including the interiors of two houses, examples of the four styles of wall-decoration, the Stabian gate and the street that runs to it, several mosaics, and numerous wall-paintings—among them a dozen of the heads which, with Marriott, our author chooses to consider as portraits, a view that is utterly repudiated by Mau. Yet these very pictures are the most pleasing of all Gusman's work, and one can enjoy their artistic beauty without caring one whit whether the heads are those of real people or mere creations of the brush. Who cares whether the Pyrrha of Horace's prettiest *vers de société* ever lived elsewhere than in the poet's fantasy? Next in excellence to the heads come the examples of the four styles of wall-decoration, and here even Mau confesses that Gusman has been successful in reproducing the general impression, although at a sacrifice of some details. But as we understand this book, impressions are all that Gusman was seeking; details may be had by the dozen in photographs if one cares to study them. Certainly impressions are what one gets from the illustrations in the text, which (except for the drawings of sculpture, wherein Gusman is far from happy) are generally far superior as works of art to any drawings that are to be found in Mau's books. But by impressions we do not mean that Gusman has put into his pictures elements not to be found in the originals—far from it; nor was he trying, like those who drew for the 'Museo Borbonico,' to make pretty pictures out of nothing. Restoration and reconstruction he does not attempt; he draws what he sees, and ninety-nine out of a hundred visitors would see no more.

Indeed, if it comes to details, let anybody who happens to possess a photograph of the Apollo and the Python from the House of the Vetti compare it with Gusman's drawing on page 69; we warrant that his surprise

will be great to find that the drawing, which at a casual glance seems rather a careless one, does actually not omit a single detail of the original, nor misrepresent any except the lower part of Apollo's lyre. The specialist in lyres may feel that a most important part of classical antiquity has been neglected; but, on the other hand, even he will rejoice with us in the absolute air of freshness which pervades all the illustrations in this volume. All were drawn by Gusman, and none of the familiar old fiftieth-hand woodcuts appear here. Let a *nunc dimittis* arise as we note that the Chinaman ladling out soup, the tragic poet's butler eavesdropping in the atrium, the brigand in his mysterious cloak confronted with the skeleton of his victim in the "House of Joseph II"—all these *deliciae* of Mazois, Overbeck, and Mau are gone, and we trust for ever.

But what a pity that Gusman did not content himself with an album of pictures, or at least invite some archaeologist to help him with the text of his book, if text he must have had, for it is brimful of errors—*il sent le novice d'une lieue*. Is this a decade in which to follow Clarac as an authority on Oscan, or worthy Père Garuclau on the graffiti? Was it not glory enough to be the first to write, in a popular work, about the newly discovered temple of the Venus Pompeiana without adding to the mere description of the ruins an absurd and debasing account of the nature of that goddess? We give M. Gusman credit for one thing; he is not afraid to call a spade by its garden name, and he is the first popular writer who has written a chapter about the lupanaria of Pompei. But poor Princess Julia, the daughter of Augustus, had sins enough to answer for in all conscience before Gusman foisted upon her a slave-woman, Tyche, to fill at her court a vile office; for this is his interpretation of the inscription on the well-known bust found in Pompei. Why should anybody quote Lucretius who thinks that the poet's work is divided into chapters, or devote a page to the explanation of the Roman numeral signs when he fancies that M for thousand is a Greek letter, and that D for five hundred is derived from I? To state that one-tenth of the population of Pompei survived the eruption is to give the number of those who perished, and the context shows that the error was no slip of the pen. The drawing of a soldier's helmet is a good drawing, and it was well enough to give us the picture of a Pompeian's skull; but to put the two together and to explain that the skull was found in the helmet, and that both belonged to the sentinel who died at his post near the Herculaneum Gate, shows that our author was too ready to swallow the tales of some wagish guide. No such sentinel was ever discovered, and there is no helmet in the

museum which can be shown to have belonged to any skull there.

We say nothing of the many misprints in the text (for some of which, no doubt, the translators are responsible), nor of more serious errors to which Mau has already called attention; for example, Gusman's notion that fresco painting, properly so called, was very little known in Pompei. It must be obvious that, as a picture book, the work is in the main a success, but that little credit should be given to the novel doctrines advanced in the text.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abraham Lincoln: His Book. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.
 Alexander, Mrs. A Missing Hero. R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.50.
 Parry Gould, S. Virgin Saints and Martyrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
 Boulay, Thaine, Scherer, Laboulaye. Paris: Armand Colin. 2 francs.
 Carpenter, W. B. The Religious Spirit in the Poets. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
 Dudley, Lucy B. A Royal Journey. New York: Mrs. Dudley.
 Ellis, Havelock. The Nineteenth Century: An Utopian Retrospect. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25.
 Exploded Ideas, and Other Essays. By the Author of "Times and Days." Longmans, Green & Co.
 Faguet, Emile. Problèmes Politiques. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50c.
 Farrar, F. W. The Herods. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.
 Five Months in a Madhouse: By an Inmate. Press Exchange Co. 25 cents.
 Gardner, H. N. Jonathan Edwards: A Retrospect. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
 Hanna, C. A. Ohio Valley Genealogies. New York: Privately printed.
 Horton, R. F. Women of the Old Testament. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.
 Kenworthy, J. C. The Anatomy of Misery. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.
 Lay, William, and Hussey, C. M. The Globe Mutiny. The Abbey Press. 75c.
 Manning, H. P. Non-Euclidean Geometry. Boston: Ginn & Co.
 Miller, Fred. Art Crafts for Amateurs. Truslove, Hanson & Co. \$2.
 Newport, David. Eudemon: Spiritual and Rational. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
 Ovington, Irene H. Comforting Thoughts (H. W. Beecher). Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 75 cents.
 Poschinger, Margaretha von. Life of the Emperor Frederick. Harper.
 Price, Eleanor C. The Heiress of the Forest. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
 Prothero, R. E. The Works of Lord Byron. Vol. 5: Letters and Journals. London: John Murray; New York: Scribner. \$2.
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 Smith, H. B. Stage Lyrics. R. H. Russell.
 Sturgis, Russell. A Dictionary of Architecture and Building. Vol. I. (3 vols.) Macmillan. \$18 the set.
 Swan, Helena. Girls' Christian Names: Their History, Meaning, and Association. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
 Theuriet, André. La Sainte-Catherine. (Contes Cholins.) W. R. Jenkins.
 Warr, G. C. W. The Orestes of Aeschylus: Translated and Explained. (The Athenian Drama, Vol. I.) Longmans, Green & Co.
 Weber and Fields. Pictorial Souvenir. R. H. Russell.
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